

# The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1540.

London, December 31, 1930

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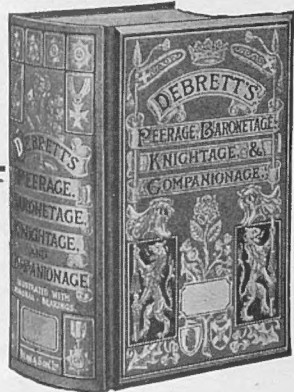
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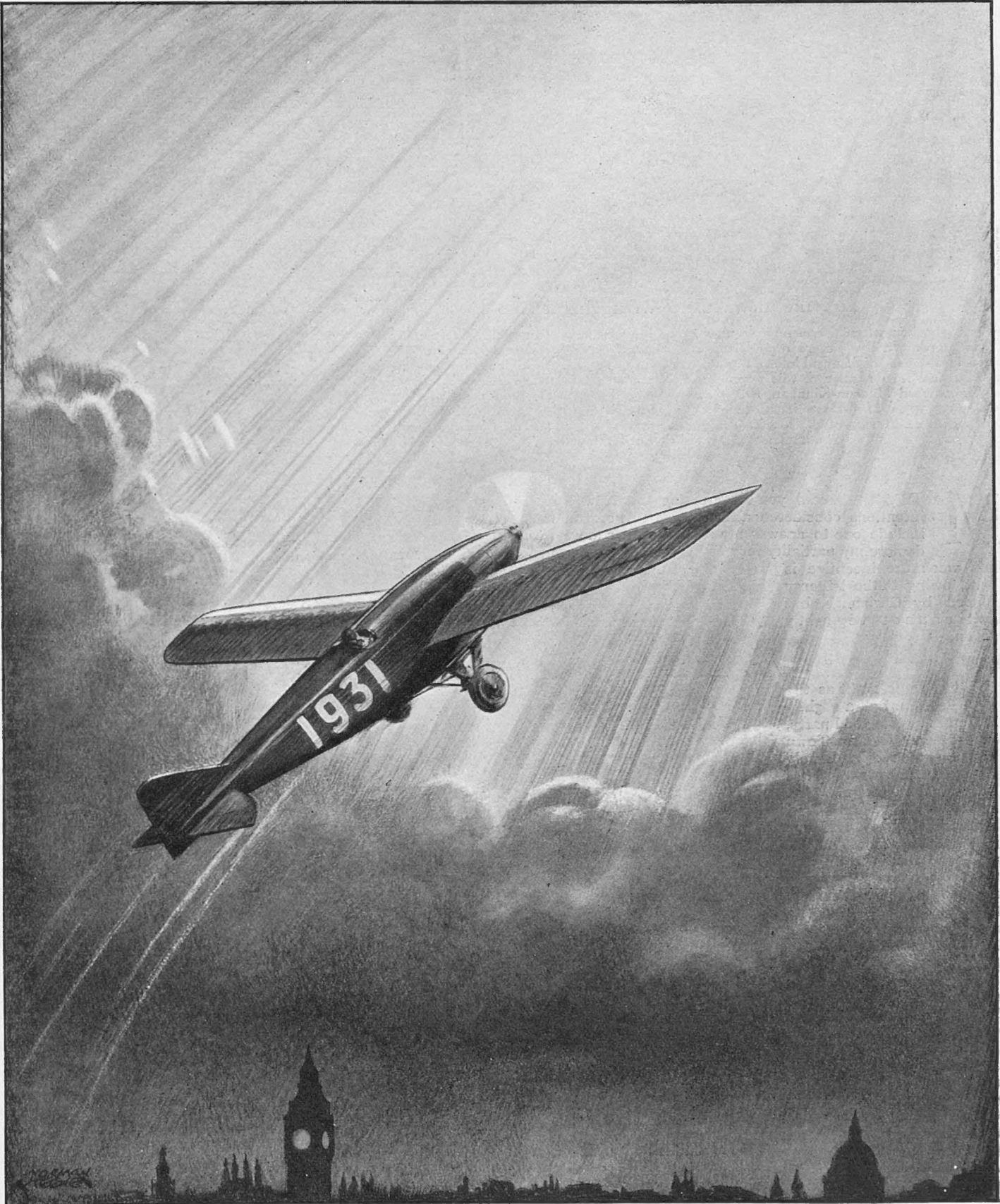
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# The TATTLER

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**A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!**

*By Norman Keene*





HUNTING IN IRELAND WITH THE ISLAND

Poole, Dublin

A group taken when these hounds met at Ballymore, near Camolin. Their country is in Wexford. In the picture are: Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. Hudson-Kinahan (on foot), Miss Hall-Dare and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam (on right). Lieut.-Colonel Hudson-Kinahan, C.B.E., has been Master of this popular Co. Wexford pack since 1928. He is a brother of Sir Edward Hudson-Kinahan, Bt., of Glenville, and was formerly in the Durham Light Infantry. Miss Hall-Dare is a daughter of Mr. R. W. Hall-Dare of Newtownbarry House, an ex-Master of the hunt. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is the youngest and only unmarried daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam

## The Letters of Eve



Hay Wrightson

LADY JOAN CHETWYND-TALBOT

The youngest sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the daughter of the late Lord Ingestre and Lady Winifred Pennoyer. Lord Ingestre died during the lifetime of his father, the late Earl

**M**Y DEAR,—Should you be greeting the New Year with any of those good intentions considered advisable at this season might I suggest that you include one to answer my screeds rather more frequently? Perhaps you deplore my partiality for putting pen to paper on the smallest provocation.

This week the incentive is slight, owing to the lethargy induced by Christmas, but habit cannot be lightly broken.

On the same night as the Persian Ball a slightly smaller, but quite good party, took place at Chelsea Town Hall, its success being largely due to the efforts of Miss Catherine Fordham, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, and Mrs. Reginald Grenfell. Fancy dress had been suggested, but was not insisted on, and though a good many people took advantage of the idea, those who did not refused to let plainer clothes cramp their style and scattered plenty of good cheer to make up.

Every variety of dance was included, from quick steps and gallops to slow waltzes and foxtrots, and there were tireless competitors for each of them, spurred on by the promise of prizes. A good many people had to be content with balloons, which Mrs. Balfour broadcast from the balcony. She looked admirable in an aquamarine velvet frock with long gold earrings and a necklace to



WITH THE FERNIE AT ILLSTON: MRS. TONY BELLVILLE

Bale

It was not too foggy to snapshot some of the assembled multitude—a strange fact worthy of mention in these foggy boggy days. Mrs. Tony Bellville was formerly Miss Audrey Kidston

match. Miss Margaret Thesiger is well above the average both in height and good looks at any gathering she attends, and Lady Thomas's attractive face and charming smile are always pleasant to meet. Two other contributors to the décor of the assembly were Miss Vere Vivian Smith and Miss Mary Brassey.

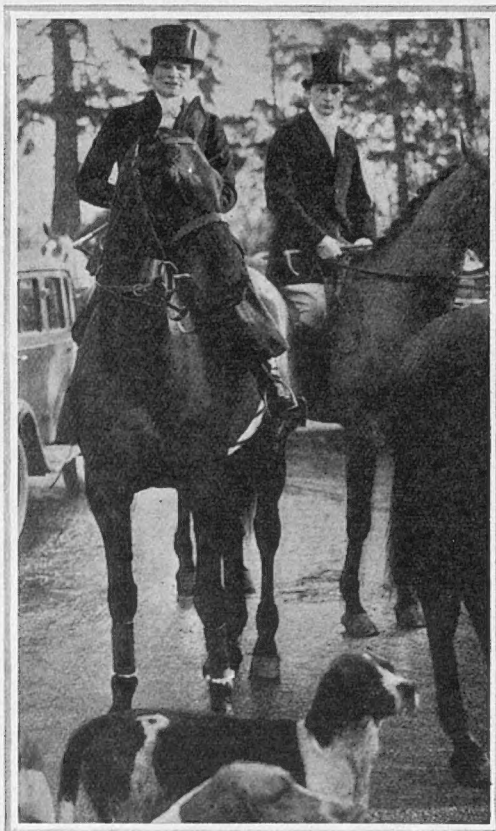
Miss Imogen Grenfell and Lord Gage, who have provided one of the last engagements of the year, should be ideally happy for they have been friends for years and therefore know each other better than most engaged couples of the present day. Their friendship, in fact, goes back to his Oxford days when he was a contemporary of her brother, Ivo, who was so tragically killed in a motor accident some years ago. Miss Grenfell who is tall with the fairest and curliest of hair is, as befits a daughter of Lord Desborough, good at all



games and sports. Though not, perhaps, such a good swimmer as her sister, Lady Salmond, she rides well enough to compete in mixed point-to-points, and she is a wonder at winter sports.

\* \* \*

I found the engaged couple the other night at the sub-debutantes dance which Lady Kenmare gave for her four granddaughters, Beatrice and Rosemary Grosvenor, daughters



WITH THE NORTH STAFFORD: MISS R. M. HARRISON. M.F.H.

At the North Staffords after the ball fixture at Norton in Hales. Miss R. M. Harrison took on the Mastership of these hounds this season from Mr. James Cadman and Mr. F. R. Haggie

Mrs. Dudley Ward is very pretty with a most intriguing grey streak in her hair.

Miss Valerie Lynch, who is off to Fribourg this week to finish her education, was another whom I found surrounded with partners. And of the eligibles, young Lord Oxford and Lord Elcho were having a great success. There were numbers of the elder generation as well, including Lady Diana Cooper who danced the Paul Jones with minute John Vesey, and Sir Philip Sassoon who danced Sir Roger de Coverley with Lady Violet Astor. The latter and Lady Islington scored a triumph when they paraded about in masks of the most mirth-making nature.

\* \* \*

Dancing again at one of our favourite restaurants the night after I found Major and Mrs. Claude

Reynard and Major and Mrs. Philip Gribble. The Reynards are off again to East Africa at the end of January, after having spent about six months up at Sunderlandwick, their place in East Yorkshire, where they have entertained several small shooting parties. Mrs. Reynard, who possesses lovely ash fair hair and a creamy complexion, in spite of more than ten years, off and on, in Kenya, used to go with the best when she hunted with the East Yorkshire and the North Northumberland. She was Miss Amie Chetwynd, and is a cousin of Lord Chetwynd, whose title would have gone to her sister, Mrs. Otter, had she been a man.

Major Gribble, who has now sold his house in Cadogan Place to Mrs. Morley, and taken another in Montpelier Square with the idea of completely re-doing it, is bringing out his new book, "Loggerheads," at the beginning of next month.



AT THE NORTH STAFFORD HUNT BALL

Which was held at Maer Hall, the Master's (Miss R. M. Harrison) house last week. In the group, left to right, are: Sitting—Mr. Lovall, Miss Halifax, Mr. Stevens, Miss Pollard, Lady Cadman, Mr. James Cadman, ex-M.F.H., and Miss Ferguson; standing—Miss Cadman, Miss Turner, Mr. M. O'Brien, Mr. Montgomery Campbell, and Mr. J. S. Cadman



Balmain

A DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT: MISS BETTY AND MISS PEGGY FATTORINI

The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fattorini of Heaton, Bradford, of whom Miss Betty Fattorini is engaged to Mr. W. J. Roach, and her sister to Mr. George Naylor

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

London's own particular fogs did their best to spoil the pre-Christmas spirit. One factor, however, tended to brighten our

(Continued overleaf)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

darkness, this was the blue blouse which M. Alexei d'Ormesson wears with such admirable effect. I had seen him lunching with attractive Madame Assia de Goguel at the Hungaria not so long since, and was so struck by his original face and outfit that I took pains to find out who he was. Though this young Russian has not yet danced on an English stage, he has already acquired fame on the continent and maybe we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing him in action over here. I am told that he has the same charming diffidence and unaffected manner which characterize his famous fellow countryman, Serge Lifar, who is now busy directing and dancing in the ballet at the Paris Opera House.

Good manners are also the estimable attribute of Yehudi Menuhin whose recital I alluded to last week. Apart from his quite marvellous playing he is really rather a wonderful little person, totally unspoilt, and never dreaming of taking part in a conversation unless invited to do so. However, when you do ask him his opinion on any question, however controversial, he invariably has a considered one to contribute. In fact he seems to be able to talk with knowledge on most subjects, but he loves strawberry cream just like any ordinary boy. Menuhin, who was born in America of Palestine-Jewish parents, gave his first violin recital at the age of six in New York. Even then his intelligence was well ahead of his years, for when a super enthusiastic feminine admirer rushed at him and assured him that he played better than Paganini, he remarked with some coldness, "I thought Paganini died in 1840."

Those people who elected to spend Christmas away from home displayed an extraordinary degree of versatility in their choice of destinations. For instance, Lord and Lady Dunedin have gone to Palestine to stay with the High Commissioner in Jerusalem. Mr. and Lady Winifred Pennoyer are already in Spain, and intend to remain there until the end of January. Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Wortley, will hardly be back here for Easter, for they have started on a cruise which will last about four months and take them to Ceylon and as far as Burma.

The Dowager Lady Seafield has also gone off for a long time, as her destination is Java and she means to be away for about three months. She likes to find spots which are remote and inaccessible as her daughter, Lady Seafield, found to her cost about this time last year when she wanted to let her know about her engagement. She was then somewhere on the White Nile. Lord Furness has already departed for East Africa, but Lady Furness is not leaving until next month.

The West Indies are claiming quite a lot of voyagers; among them Mrs. Basil Brooke and her uncle, Mr. Robert Cunningham Graham. Should they visit Trinidad they will only have one fault to find with it, i.e. the impossibility of leaving it without feelings of the greatest regret, thanks to the limitless hospitality of its inhabitants. Admiral Basil Brooke is also taking ship, but in an opposite direction, he having an appointment with big game in Africa.

House-warming parties may be divided into two sections—  
(a) In a house barely prepared for the ceremony and in which the guests are supposed to conceal their discomfort under a feverish appearance of jollity and bonhomie, the anxious hostess hoping to steer a course between adequate apologies for shortcomings and enthusiastic invitation to admire the salient

features (if any) of her new abode. (b) The perfectly-appointed home, so well able to deal with initiation rites as to make them almost superfluous. To the latter category belonged a recent gathering at Eastwell Park when Lord and Lady Dunsford celebrated their newly-decorated occupation. "For perfect equipment, apply within"; this might with truth be Eastwell's slogan if one were needed. Every occupant has been considered, including the horses with which the stables are infested. Hunting does not amuse Lord Dunsford, but his wife is becoming more and more attracted by this pursuit.

The "lion" of the party in question was Commander Glen Kidston and quite rightly, as his latest feat comprises a marvellous film of these animals "shot" in Kenya. Weeks of waiting and patient preparations made the lions so trusting that two dozen or so were photographed at twenty yards range. This achievement of penetrating into suitable country was made possible by Commander Kidston's knowledge of Swahili, the services of Ford cars and his aeroplane with which the conscious performers were first located. Shopping, too, was simplified by the aerial route instead of trekking for days in search of provisions. American producers think so much of this film

that a sequel "featuring" elephant and rhinoceri is under consideration.

Prince George Chavchavadze's piano recital at the Wigmore Hall was exceedingly good. One is inclined to imagine that an artist with other claims to fame, either of family or other notability, might launch an inferior art on an unsuspecting public, hoping that title or tradition will allay criticism. Therefore a really fine performance is all the more commendable. The Duchess of Richmond was one of an appreciative audience, and Lord Morvyn Cavendish-Bentinck, another listener, is fully qualified to praise or blame, being a pianist of the most superior kind himself. Mrs. Edgar Brassey sat entranced, and Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Law were also under the spell cast by Mrs. Law's fellow countryman.

Amateur piano-playing in English is by no means dormant in spite of the many mechanical musical reproductions available, but many of the best players are extremely modest and do not advertise their talent. Mrs. Osbert Vesey is one of these, and Mrs. Harry Fenwick

another, quite in the first-class, whilst Mrs. Michael Spencer-Smith can conjure with keys and clefs to produce any melody required on demand.

Lots of people enjoy pursuing hounds across a country, but only a select band have the fun of pursuing them on to drawing-paper as well. Both these occupations are now engaging Mr. Charles Simpson, Leicestershire being the good centre of his artistic and sporting activities. He nearly always works in pastels and revels in the gorgeous combinations of colour provided by angry skies, pink coats, russet foxes, and pied hounds. Personally, I prefer his pictures of bird life, particularly those of waterfowl, in which one can almost hear the marshy streams dribbling along under a winter sun, so realistic are his settings.

Mr. Simpson often stays with Mr. Victor Emmanuel at Rockingham Castle, one of Northamptonshire's most imposing and venerable strongholds. It is mentioned in "Doomsday Book" as having been built during the reign of the first Norman King, and William Rufus used it as a hunting-box. A marvellous view over the vale meets the eye from the terrace, and a great feature is a yew hedge of incredible antiquity which suggests a circus procession of huge elephants.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emmanuel are a very sporting couple, and come over from New York to hunt in this country. He owns some good steeplechasers over here, and also races considerably in America.—Yours ever, EVE.



WITH THE PYTCHLEY: LORD AND LADY BREADALBANE AND MR. ROMER WILLIAMS

At the Pytchley's recent fixture at Newnham Hall, Daventry, Mr. Romer Williams' house. Lady Breadalbane is his daughter, and Lord Breadalbane also has a seat in Daventry, Daneholme



## WHAT'S HAPPENING IN LONDON!



In "TOAD OF TOAD HALL": Mr. Frederick Burtwell (Toad), Mr. Ivor Barnard (Rat), Mr. Richard Goolden (Mole), Mr. Peter Mather and Mr. R. Halliday Mason (Alfred the Horse)

Stage Photo Co.



Right—

Stage Photo Co.

ROBINSON CRUSOE  
AND HIS POLLY:  
Miss Constance Carpenter  
as Polly Perkins and  
Miss Kitty Reidy as the  
adventurous Mr. R.  
Crusoe in the Lyceum  
pantomime



IN "FOLLOW A STAR": MISS IRENE RUSSELL AND  
MISS MAISIE GAY

Stage Photo Co.



CARL BRISSON BEATS CARNERA AT THE  
ELBOW GAME

"Toad of Toad Hall" is Mr. A. A. Milne's contribution to the present gaiety of the season, and is at the Lyric. It is an amusing frolic with a child's notion of animals, and a Mr. Toad, who is very like a gentleman named Micawber, is the central figure. It is a well-devised farrago of absurdity. The adventures of Mr. Robinson Crusoe and his beautiful "sweetie" are entrancing hordes of his youthful admirers at the Lyceum, and Miss Kitty Reidy as Mr. R. Crusoe and Miss Constance Carpenter as the heroine, are very firm favourites. Pretty Miss Irene Russell and inimitable Miss Maisie Gay are seen carrying on the good work at the Winter Garden in "Follow a Star," the musical comedy, which has been running since the middle of September. Carnera sustained an amazing defeat by Carl Brisson in the little trial of strength depicted above, and which took place at the Savoy Hotel. Every Achilles has a heel! A caricature of Carnera appears on p. 610



# The Cinema : Two Films. By JAMES AGATE

MY very good friend and better critic, Mr. Sydney Carroll, writing of *War Nurse* at the Empire, said that this film, with all its crudities and misplaced emotionalism, brought back things which it were better to forget. I agree, and I disagree. I agree that this film is an orgy, welter, and slough of thinly-veiled eroticism. I agree that it is revolting that the entire War should appear to have been fought in order that we may see a flighty young nurse delivered of child in a potting-shed reduced to splinters by shell-fire. I sat amid a bevy of damsels apparently of the type-writing persuasion. Yet even these giggled when the last lot of high explosive introduced us to the world's youngest film-star. Incidentally I think the thing which most revolted me was the glimpse we had of these young women before they became War-nurses. Everything in America is bigger than it is anywhere else, and that would appear to apply equally to female inanity. Where I do not agree with Mr. Carroll is in the suggestion that anything having to do with the War were better forgotten, for to forget any of the many kinds of horror connected with the War, and to remember only what we still allege to have been its glamour, is to bring the next war nearer. The young people of to-day, it should be remembered, are not interested in what happened when they were sucking their thumbs, and they occasionally move their thumbs to tell us so.

I know of some alleged intelligent wittlings who say quite cheerfully that they are prepared for any old war that cares to come along because it cannot be duller than London after eleven o'clock. In a way there is something in this. In pre-War days I should have very violently objected to handing London over to the Germans. To-day I should not mind because there is nothing left worth handing over. In fact, if the Germans ruled this country, there can be no doubt that the National Theatre would be in full swing, there would be performances of *Rosenkavalier*, the general public could buy cigarettes and beer, and consume both in a reasonable place with or without sandwiches, up till two in the morning, and on Sunday nights cinema-goers turning out at eleven o'clock would not be compelled to go home without bite or sup. There would be no further nonsense about the dole, everybody would be compelled to work, and Sir Thomas Beecham would be conducting till his arms would no longer wag.

In fact, with the exception of a trifle of national pride I cannot see that if William had come we should not have been a hundred times better off. Even the fact that he would probably have brought Little Willie with him does not shake me. Be it understood, of course, that though I am perfectly prepared to give this shockingly-run country to the Germans, to have them trying to take it by force is another matter.

To be quite serious, no grown man who is not a raging lunatic ever again wants the job of preventing them, because every grown man remembers what that entailed. But our young men who have not grown to sense, nor look likely to, know nothing about the past or any war, and so far as I can see have not the brains to guess what the next one must be like. Therefore, in my view, and I think in Mr. Carroll's when he thinks it over, no horrid facet that the War possessed should ever be lost sight of, for the simple reason that whenever the next war happens that facet will repeat itself. Some day we shall get a

film, a comprehensive film lasting a whole evening, which will show all sides of war—the chivalry and the brutality, the courage and the funk, the mess, muddle, and miracles of organization, the heroism of the common soldier and the poltroonery of those who hid and covered themselves with medals at the base, the resolution and responsibility of officers, and the shiftlessness of which they had to make the best, the blazing excitement and the unspeakable boredom, the glory of leave and the utter misery of mud, the bright hope and the ever present fear, the high purpose, camaraderie, fun, and the despair which attends disease and death. In such a film there must be a place for our war-nurses, some of whom, doubtless, in the course of their nursing came by babies. But that these should amount to 1 per cent. of the whole number of nurses employed I beg very strictly to doubt. Such a film as I am talking about will preserve everything in its

proper proportion, and not as all American war-films do, suffer from exaggerative paranoia. I should like to be able to say that I believe this film will be English. But I don't believe anything of the sort. I know it will be German.

It is astonishing how quickly the public responds to the really first-class thing. Without any extraordinary alarms and excursions, without any particular blowing of trumpets, the Alhambra this week decided to put on a French talkie than which, on the face of it, there could hardly be anything more unhopeful. The film in question was called *Sous les Toits de Paris*. At once the word went round that here was an altogether exceptional film, with the result that when I attended on Thursday evening expecting to find an empty house. There wasn't a seat to be had. And it was only by the extreme courtesy of the management that I could obtain a perch. I am a great believer in under-statement, and this being so I shall be content to say that, leaving out of the question the large pictures dealing with epic themes and big subjects, this French film is the best in the way of intimacy that I have ever seen. The story deals with two French youths alleged to be earning their living, the one as a street-singer and the other as a street-hawker. Actually the profession of both would be that of apache-cum-gigolo-cum-souteneur. Both fall in love with the same young woman about whose profession in real life there would be no doubt, though in this film she exhibits a modesty beyond rubies. And that's all!

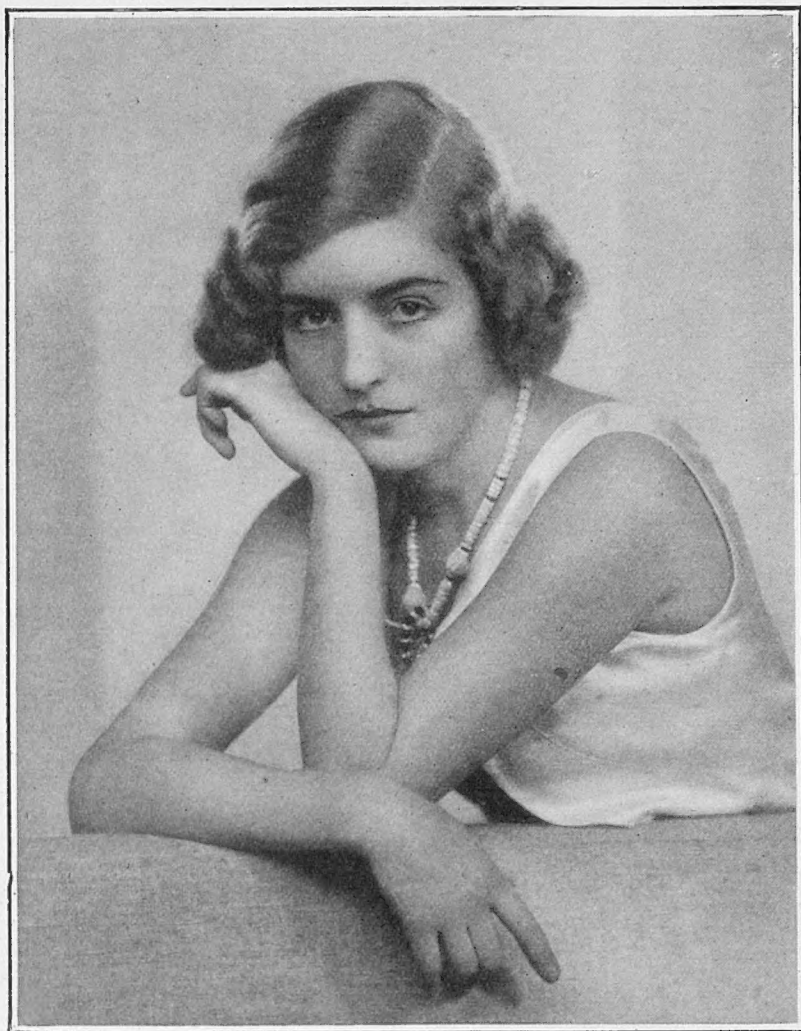
Yet on this slender basis is built up a picture of low life in Paris as accurate and as documented as decency permits, and put together with unparalleled ingenuity and artistry. Every single shot in this picture has been composed by an artist, and though it is a delight to note the complete veracity of the French, no words are needed to bring this picture within the grasp of the most English intelligence. The music throughout was charming, and I will leave the reader to gauge the intensity of everybody's interest by saying that hardly anybody in the audience remembered to smoke. Some day there will be a Film Repertory Theatre in which all the best films will be religiously preserved and religiously performed. This one will certainly have to be included. There was a programme which, with the curious perversity of programmes, failed to inform us who the director of this film was, and who were the artists engaged. It was, however, generous of information as to who published the theme-song and where it could be obtained.



MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

The most recent portrait of the beautiful American star, who is very busy on some big Paramount films at the moment. In private life Miss Compton is Mrs. Frank Bartram. She was a big success in "The Ringer," "Nell Gwynn," "The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel," and many other big films





*Dorothy Widding*  
MISS LINDISFARNE HAMILTON

## Portraits of Pretty People

Miss Lindisfarne Hamilton, the only daughter of Major Sir George Hamilton, M.P., and Lady Hamilton has been an asset of Suffolk Society during the last year or two and has hunted with the Easton and Henham Harriers from Cransford Hall, near Saxmundham. She has always had an urge to go on the stage and has lately realized her ambition, though unfortunately the play in which she made her début, "A Marriage has been Dis-Arranged," was a failure in spite of its strong cast. Sir George Hamilton, the Member for Ilford, is a cousin of Lord Leitrim. Mrs. Robert Watson was Miss Angela Denniss before her marriage, in 1928, to Lord Manton's brother. Her husband has some horses in training and she shares his enthusiasm for racing and other sporting occupations. Miss Peggy Paget, Lord Victor Paget's daughter by his first marriage, is an engaging young lady to whom the term "sweet seventeen" certainly applies. She will be one of next season's débutantes and is to be launched on the social world by her mother, Lady Drogheda



*Hay Wrightson*  
THE HON. MRS. ROBERT WATSON



MISS PEGGY PAGET

*Hay Wrightson*



## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

At this period of the year everyone is always presented with about a dozen new books on the science of horse-riding and fox-hunting, generally written, oddly enough, by people whose names in the sporting world are remarkable for the obscurity of their achievements. A study of these works combined with local observation should enable the most abysmally ignorant to answer the following simple questionnaire:

**Question I**—Explain the anomaly, giving an example, of a living American who is four days a week—

- (a) Taken for a ride.
- (b) Bumped off.

**Question II**—"Whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle lest they fall upon thee" (Huccaback I, 3). Discuss, showing how in practice the alleged prevention is generally the cause, using the words "impulsion," "evasions," "flexions," and "restraint" as often as possible.

**Question III**—State, giving reasons, your favourite author of—

- (1) "Edward Lear."
- (2) "Colonel McTaggart."

**Question IV**—After reading a furlong of correspondence on the subject of seats, in which would you consider the authors most at home—

- (1) The forward.
- (2) The sliding.
- (3) The tip-up.

**Question V**—Select a change of name for Jackie's (ch. g) Ich Dien.

**Question VI**—What is the accepted correct answer to the cry "You've kicked me"?

The first answer opened will be adjudged correct. As this appears on New Year's Eve, let us take the opportunity of wishing everyone the best of luck and a better scent in the New Year.

## From the Belvoir

Firstly, the best of good luck in the New Year to all fox-hunters. Wednesday's meet in the Melton market-place was obscured by such a dense fog that nothing whatever could be seen, and it was as much as one could do to ride at a foot's pace to Freeby Wood, where reports truly said there was blazing sunshine. Scent was as bad as the invariable sample we have been having, and the field to put it mildly did not assist much. How a grey horse shows up too! Exasperated at last, Charles formed up the field and told them just where they got off, looking from a distance (where I was glad to be), like Queen Bess on her grey horse reviewing the troops at Tilbury. The effect was most marked, and hounds were thereafter just able to hunt in snatches from Goadby Gorse in small circles round the parish. Our sympathy with Peggy, who really is too unlucky with her horses. Melton remained black as night all day, and several horse-boxes had great trouble getting home. Glad to see Mrs. "Brose" and "Peter" back again with us. "Brose," "Brother," and "Pete" have been in residence at Staveley about ten days, and "Brother" has notched a 100 to 8 winner already.

To whom did Harry give a fiver not to bid him for a horse?

## From the Fernie

The rambling village of Foxton was our Monday rendezvous. Motors, horse-boxes, and grooms with led horses filled the narrow roadways. All being sorted out, hounds proceeded to the spinney at Foxton Locks, and after a perilous time 'twixt land and water on narrow bridgeways Charles was unkennelled. Gumley Gorse gave us the first fox, who left at the bottom end. The eager field glissaded down the steep covert ride to reach the flying pack, but scent soon gave way and slow hunting through

heavy mists followed round about Gumley and the Laughton Hills. The Canadian fox-chaser has returned to his favourite pack, and Mr. Marshall Field, well-bronzed, was on a flying visit preparatory to taking up residence in January. The going was deep and holding. The light-weight horsewoman from Glen who goes so well astride bore the marks of contact, but everyone was more or less plastered with mud. The Chatelaine of Peatling, we are glad to see, has taken up the reins again. Hunting on Thursday from Illston was under much pleasanter conditions than of late. The blue and buff of the Beaufort stood out from our regulars at the meet, and the American from Melton carried the foreign collar of the States. Harry was also out from Melton riding blood.

Foxes kept ringing all day but gave followers plenty of fun over a good lepping country. From Shangton Holt, the ever fruitful, our Joint vociferously holla'd away our fox, and from then onwards hounds were hunting most of the day in the Gaulby area. The stick-heap at Illston Grange has become a favourite fox shelter, three making miraculous escapes from there.

## From Warwickshire

Let's hope it was not a desperation 'eadache, after Bucks Club Party, but merely coughing horses, which kept some of our Kinetonians away from the Fir Gorse fox, which ran at a great pace over Orchard Hill—across the Stratford Road to beat hounds near Clifford Chambers. Then from Knavenhill hounds had a real fine hour's hunt racing their fox round the covert with a tremendous cry, pushing him towards Alderminster and turning back well with him to kill.

The North had an "Ongar Castle" day, it was often "ave you seen anything of my 'ounds." Horses absolutely cooked and Fred à pied, eventually collected his hounds, who had eaten their fox, after having run for three hours and finishing twenty miles from kennels.

From Whichford hounds started running real well, likewise from Todenham osiers, but cur dogs, and the sudden disappearance of scent just prevented the pace being maintained.

A fox! For 'alf the National Debt! was soon voiced at Golden Cross. Then such a rushing that Victor Arkell's lovely fences had some pretty holes punched in them.

Here's wishing you in the New Year:

'Osses sound and dogs 'ealthy,  
Earth's well stopped and foxes plenty.

## From the York and Ainsty

These notes have to be sent in extra early on account of Christmas, so the news is even staler than usual. The Northerners had a strictly local day at Cattal on Monday (15th), whilst the South put in a bye at Haxby. We had quite a fair hunt from Haxby Carr to near Green, and it was very sad that the captain had to go home early to feed the yearling. Two people objected to paying the half-crown cap; she, because she was only going to be out two hours, and he, because it was a by-day. In neither case, however, did they "get away with it." Trust Charles. Talking of half-crowns, two (or is it three?) dud coins have been put in the Tuesday bag recently. The C.I.D. have the matter in hand, however, and we hope shortly to hear that the criminals have been dug out and worried. We had a big field out at Nun Appleton on Tuesday, but scent was bad and we messed around Brocket Hagg and Stubb Wood most of the day, and after Colton Hagg we all thought it was "home." We suspect that David was then "got at"

(Continued on p. vi)



WITH THE EAST SUSSEX HOUNDS

A group at Sedlescombe, which is a very well-known East Sussex fixture of Sir Anchtel Ashburnham-Clement, Mrs. Jack Egerton, sister-in-law of the Master, Lieut.-Commander H. S. Egerton, Anthony Egerton, and Miss Egerton. Sir Anchtel Ashburnham-Clement was Field Master of these hounds when the late Lord Brassey had them, 1882-84



# POLO IN ARGENTINA



## SOME IMPRESSIONS AT THE AYRSHIRE CUP, BUENOS AIRES

By Howard K. Elcock

These sketches were made at the Hurlingham Club, Buenos Aires, during the contest for the Ayrshire Cup which, as will be noted, was won by the Santa Inés team, which beat Las Rosas, a team pretty nearly as good as the Argentine International one which gave America such a terrific doing before it was beaten for the newly instituted North and South America Challenge Cup, played for the first time at Meadowbrook. Eight teams went for the Argentine Open Championship and fifteen for the Junior Cup. Their grounds being very fast ones they get the kind of practice necessary to fit them to take on the Americans, and who knows what may happen in their next International encounter?





Whitlock &amp; Sons

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS

The famous novelist and dramatist, was born at Mount Abou, a hill station in India, in 1862, and his father, Captain Henry Phillpotts, was in the 15th Native Infantry as the regiment was then called. Mr. Phillpotts' latest play, "Jane's Legacy," was produced recently and successfully at the Duchess Theatre. The action takes place in a West Country village a hundred years ago

of being a dangerous asset unless, peradventure, one lives in a convent, innocence is to be respected. But that dreadful innocence which really wasn't innocence at all, only pretended to be, and which used to be the mental attitude of most women on any except the purely "twittersome" topics, was an appallingly silly game of let's-pretend. Life was much more difficult to lead years ago only after you had paid the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. To-day life's chief difficulty occurs in satisfying these tradesmen; afterwards there is at least a certain amount of liberty of thought and action. Topics can be discussed in these days which years ago would have made even grandfathers pretend that they were too young and too refined to know anything about them. They were among the taboos, and taboos are always such silly things. Moreover, years ago, if once one offended against these silly taboos it was outrageous to claim one particle of virtue in any other direction. The bad were bad, and the good were oh, so good, and the meeting of the twain, even if they did meet, was not publicly recognized. One fall from virtue and away one went head-foremost into the deepest pit which could possibly be dug by really nice, convention-fearing people. And simply because there were so many moral taboos, life was, of course, infinitely dirtier and more sordid. That dreadful moral "snigger" which once was such a common exhibition of nastiness-disguised-as-refinement has completely vanished except in the society of the very young still trying to live up to the elderly standard of the former youthful tradition. For example, had such a book as Alexandre Kuprin's "Yama—The Pit" (Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) been written fifty years ago and written by an Englishman, it would either have been full of "sniggers" or else teeming coals of fire on peroxide heads. In any case it would have secreted itself among those other books which are bought furtively and thrust under cushions should anybody suddenly enter a room. But chiefly I think the book would have been denounced, not because it deals with a very sordid side of social life but because it deals with it so sensibly. The author throws no bombs. He does not gather up his skirts at the end—or in his case it would be his trousers—and cry to Heaven to punish this abomination. His attitude is one of pity, of disgust tempered by understanding. Morally he is unmoved. "Yama—The Pit," is the inside history of a Russian house of ill-fame (you see how nicely I belong to my generation and use only the more ladylike euphonisms). It is written without horror and without indignation. Kuprin's book is no bit of propaganda for or against such establishments. It is a plain statement of facts. Indeed, it might all be about some office where women are employed. And he treats these women as individuals. Never are they either horrid examples or warnings. They are just human beings, for the most part mentally undeveloped; a group of terribly knowing children,

A Dreadful, but not a Horrible Book.

PEOPLE are not so easily shocked as they used to be. I don't know if we have the War to thank for that great benefit, but if it be the War?—then let the War be thanked! It used to be so dreary long ago when the sight of a lady's calf took from ten to fifty years off the manners of every gentleman sitting in the omnibus! And, incidentally, made every woman assume the poke-bonnet expression of her great-grandmother. In spite

little fit for other and more useful purpose. Powerfully, relentlessly, he reveals to us the life led in a typical establishment of the second grade. His picture contains no trimmings either moral or picturesque. It is a pathological study of men and women as a doctor may write it, or as a psychologist might treat such a subject. It is this aloofness from prejudice and judgment which makes the story so impressive, so haunting, so horrible, and yet so little shocking. The author realizes, as everybody who has lived in the world and has kept his mental eyes open realizes, that there is a certain percentage of women and girls who, whatever is done for them in the way of education, will always eventually slip into the life of such women as he describes. They are lazy, pleasure-loving, easily flattered, easily influenced. Too spineless to make any effort to attain a more difficult independence. They are not bad. Often they are moved by the most generous impulses. But you can never build upon such impulses. Above all, one must realize that white slaves though they be they do not dislike the life. At least, they do not dislike it so much as they dislike the alternative existence which reformers thrust upon them. Allow them to choose between respectable badly-paid labour, monotonous, too, according to their mentality and the life they are already leading, and there will be no hesitation in their answer. Such women may perhaps change their mode of life for *someone*, but rarely will they do so for an ideal. Just as certain men are born unemployable, no matter how you help them towards employment, so certain women—lazy, restless, mentally undeveloped—will sooner or later "walk the streets," and, such is the difficulty of those who would reform them, take it all as a matter of course, as much a business as being a typist. Thus are the characters in Kuprin's powerful and haunting book. Nearly three million copies of the book have been sold, so we are told, in all parts of the world. I can well believe it. It is a dreadful book, but it is not a horrible one. Had not the writer been so determined at the end to make every one of his characters come to a violent end, it would also be a work of art. His vengeance is, however, a little too deliberate. Until then his book had been one of pity without contempt, of comprehension without disgust. It is, of course, not a book for the squeamish, but for those who have achieved the point at which they can look at every side of life without blinking, it is certainly a social document of the first importance. And in its outspokenness it is infinitely more decent than many a story,

play, or anecdote, at which even the Good may be permitted to snigger without offending the vicarage "taboos."

\* \* \*  
A Book of Taboos.

EXCEPT, perhaps, subconsciously, I had not realized how many silly taboos there are still being admired and respected, until I read Mr. Archibald Lyall's most entertaining book, "It Isn't Done" (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.).

(Cont. on p. 610)



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON IN AMERICA

A pleasing snapshot of the famous littérateur in his hotel in New York, where he is busy lecturing under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women. Mr. Chesterton was born in 1874 and besides his many published books has contributed to almost every journal of literary standing in the world. His interesting book, "Catholic Essays," was published in London in 1929



## THE EXPLANATION

By George Belcher



Irate Lady: Wot about yer bein' 'ad up for assaultin' yer 'usband?

Second Irate Lady: Me assaulted me 'usband? Why, I wouldn't 'urt a 'air of 'is 'ead!

Irate Lady: No, I suppose the pore bloke's bald



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Truly he writes: "Anthropology, like charity, should begin at home a great deal more often than it does." The heathen are no more self-persecuted by their taboos than we are. Moreover, their taboos have at least the excuse of offending their gods, while ours are for the most part a mere fear of offending our neighbours. As one reads this most sensible yet amusing little book, one realizes more than ever to how many idiotic gods we bow the knee. In the review of "Yama—The Pit" I allowed myself a most polite euphonism. Why? Because the word I would have written, and which everybody knows, is one of the "tabooed" words. One must not use it; only polite idiocy knows the reason! The situation is saved if one says "nether garments" when everybody knows we mean trousers, or perhaps even breeches. Some of these taboos are most curious; one did not realize how curious, yet how correct, until reading this little book. To-day, for example, one may be enthusiastic about everything except religion. The old days, when it was considered to be mentally superior to be blasé before all things, have given way to the opposite extreme; and "too marvellous" can be applied to a bun without any air of exaggeration. Poverty too. Years ago one would expire rather than own up to being poor. To-day one feels riches to be suspect; at least, if they are boasted of. Even in the wealthiest circles nowadays everybody is "stoney." It would be considered distinctly bad form to plead twenty thousand a year. But if the taboos of Western civilized life are curious and idiotic, the anti-taboo taboos are even more curious and even more idiotic! Thus Mr. Lyall writes of the second category: "There are thousands of young Islanders to-day who will walk openly into a public-house, but who, if they should have occasion to enter a church, will look round fearfully to see if they are observed and then, blushing, sneak swiftly in like nervous Philadelphians with a taste for Antique Statues. There are thousands of young Islanders to-day who are subconsciously irritated every Sunday by the sight of their father donning a top-hat. Had they lived thirty years ago, they would have been bitterly mortified if their father had not worn a top-hat." Thus every taboo eventually leads to an anti-taboo, which, in its turn becomes equally tyrannical. These are traced and described by Mr. Lyall in a most witty and amusing fashion. The little book was published some time ago, but if you have missed reading it—as I did until last week—get hold of it at all costs. It is under a hundred pages of sheer entertainment. And it is all so true! And it makes us all look so silly! Which is the best thing that can happen to anybody from time to time, isn't it?

## More Howlers.

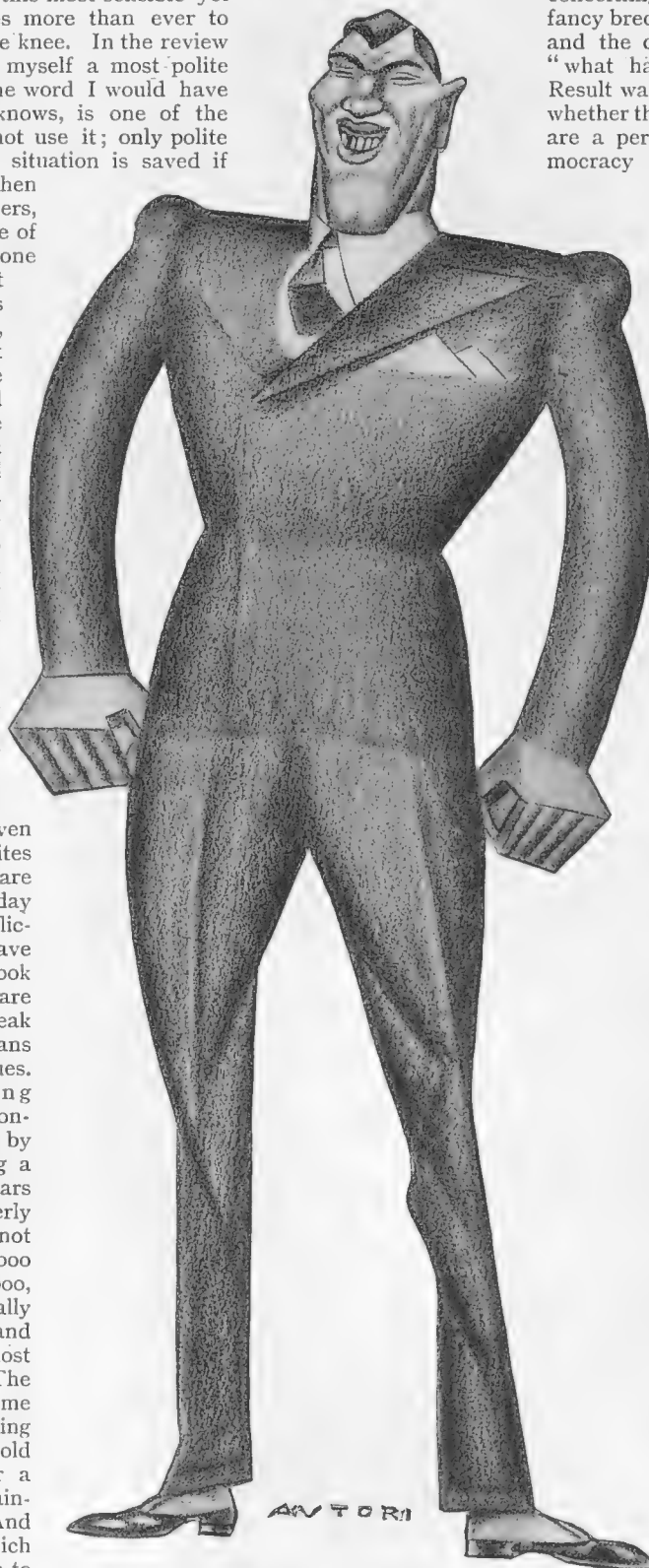
You get an excellent picture of school life and a boy's mental reactions to it in Mr. Cecil Hunt's new "Book of Howlers" (The

Bodley Head. 1s. 6d.). Most of these are really very funny and psychologically revealing. You may make your own choice over which have or have not been doctored—not, of course, by Mr. Hunt, but by those who have contributed from all over the world to the collection. Personally I have my doubts concerning the translation of "Tell me, where is fancy bred" as "Dites moi, où est pâtisseries?"; and the definition of the word Result, meaning "what happens at the end of a war, as: the Result was he laughed." But really I don't care whether they are faked or genuine. These howlers are a perpetual delight. As for example: "Democracy is the form of government where

quantity rules and quality pays"; and "A problem is a figure which you do things with, which are absurd, and then you prove it"; and "Sins of omission are those we have forgotten to do"; and "Sir Henry Wood conducts the Queen's Hall. He gets such wonderful music that the people cannot sit still. This is called promenade." In any case this new collection of Howlers shows no falling off. There is a laugh on every page. Especially in the history section. I like "Gorilla warfare" as being "when the sides get up to monkey tricks"; and "A Conservative is a kind of greenhouse where you look at the moon."

## Attractive in a Curious Way.

There is a subtle charm about "The Trader's Wife" (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.), by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, which is difficult to explain. Instinctively you feel it as you read on and on; while at the end, when you lay the book aside, it is rather as if a beautiful piece of music, beautifully played, had quietly come to an end. The plot is almost entirely without incident and yet it satisfies because the unravelling of it is so delicately done. It is the story of a rough trader whose lovely, fashionable wife insisted upon following him into the uncivilized corner of the world where he plied his trade. He did not like, actually, to ask her to remain behind among the people and things she knew. Moreover, he dreaded the moment when she would realize that she had thrown in her life with a man whose livelihood was not only sordid but often brutal. Nevertheless she followed him. And neither the sordidness nor the brutality touched her. She did not notice them. She brought into this wilder existence all the refinement and graces of her former life, and such was the subtle power of her influence that the natives fell under her spell, the brutal were a little less brutal, the vicious a little less shameless. And then she dies—as quietly, as peacefully, one may almost say as elegantly, as she had lived. And the island mourned her as it had never mourned another man or woman. Such, in brief outline, is the theme of this very lovely, very delicate little story, told so exquisitely that it lingers in the memory far longer than more pretentious work. A tiny work of art. A story weaved, as it were, in exquisite *petit-point*.



PRIMO CARNERA

By Autori

A sketch made in Milan just before the Italian giant boxer left for London to meet Reggie Meen, the English boxer, who said that Carnera would know that he was in the ring when he met him. The trouble has been that most of Carnera's opponents have not known exactly where they are after being a few minutes in his company. Meen followed the rest!



# AT CAPTAIN TIM BIRKIN'S SHOOT



LORD PLUNKET



LADY BRECKNOCK



LADY BROWNLOW



LORD BRECKNOCK



LADY ASHLEY AND LORD BROWNLOW  
AT ONE OF THE STANDS



COMMANDER GLEN KIDSTON



LIEUT.-COLONEL OLIVER AND LADY  
WILHELMINA BIRKBECK

Some of those who were shooting with Captain Tim Birkin at Shadwell Court, Thetford, at a moment when visibility was a bit better than it was over Christmas week. Lord Plunket is in the Rifle Brigade (Reserve of Officers), and married the beautiful Mrs. Jack Barnato; Lord Brecknock is Lord Camden's son, and Lady Brecknock a daughter of Colonel Teddy Jenkins, formerly Rifle Brigade, and they are all well known in hunting Leicestershire. Lord Brownlow's seat is Belton, near Grantham. Commander Glen Kidston is very celebrated indeed in the world of aviation, and Lieut.-Colonel Oliver Birkbeck is Master of the West Norfolk and married the Earl of Munster's sister

Photographs by Arthur Owen



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



THE SINGAPORE FLYING CLUB

A group taken on the occasion of the visit of Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Air Officer Commanding R.A.F., India, to the Singapore Flying Club. Sir Geoffrey Salmond flew from India to Singapore. The names in the group are: Left to right, standing—Messrs. Harvey (ground engineer), Morgan, Colonel Turner, R.E., Flight-Lieutenant J. F. Titmas, R.A.F. (club captain), Dr. Stanley (hon. secretary), Wing Commodore London, Mr. Gardner (vice-captain), Mr. Walker, Mr. Niblock, Mr. Pestill, Flight-Lieutenant S. H. Potter (instructor), and Mr. Cairns; seated—Mr. Watts, the Hon. Mr. M. B. Shelley, acting Colonial Secretary. Mrs. Pestill, Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Mrs. Titmas, Mr. Trimmer, Group Captain A. H. Jackson, O.C. R.A.F., Far East

*"The Tatler" welcomes photographs of "Flying" interest from Our Dominions and Colonies abroad*

## Resolutions.

**M**AKING a good resolution for the New Year," said a young woman at dinner last night, "does me almost as much good as a gin fizz." And in so saying she echoed Dr. Johnson, that eight-litre oracle, who affirmed that "the mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they begin by airy contemplation." For the air pilot the following New Year resolutions may be suggested: that he should fly more; that he should persuade other people to fly more; and that he should lose no opportunity of pressing the claims of flying upon the world. For the Air Ministry official it may be suggested, with due respect, that he should resolve to drink less tea and not only desist from making more regulations, but also strive to do away with the redundant regulations which now exist. He must resolve, in fact, to concentrate his entire mental and physical energies upon undoing and not upon doing—a difficult feat for anyone surrounded by electric bells, telephones, and uniformed messengers. For the Secretary of State for Air and the Under-Secretary of State for Air the resolution to take the offensive on the part of aviation both civil and military in Parliament would be appropriate. Aviation has been shy and retiring much too long; figuratively speaking it is clinging to its model yacht and velvet knickerbockers. It resembles that small boy who seems, judging from observations made this year, to attend all the most deafening children's Christmas parties but who is so polite and retiring that he allows all the cakes to be grabbed by the others who are less timid. The Army and the Navy; the Civil Service; the Ministries of Agriculture, Education, Fisheries, Transport, Health, Wealth, and everything; the India Office, the Home Office, the Post Office, This Office and That Office resemble, when the gong goes for the Budget, the nasty, overfed, pasty-faced, bulging little boys who grab all the cakes while aviation remains in the back-ground. Aviation deserves a larger share of the cakes and Lord Amulree and Mr. Montagu should see that it gets it. Economy is the greatest need of the moment. But so long as we can afford to support vast numbers of officials, who represent so much parasite drag on the aircraft of State, we can afford to support aviation in the way it ought to be supported. Whitehall is the one place where there are always plenty of comfortable berths available; it is the one place where berth control is unknown and until a change takes

place there no one can be expected to take the economy cry seriously. At Budget time, then, let aviation get in before the other Ministries, those little vulgar boys, in 1931.

\* \* \*

## Old Crockery.

I have already suggested that the Royal Air Force ought to hold an Old Cocks' race at the Hendon Display of 1931. The last programme was disappointing, and many complaints were heard about it. It will be worse next time unless some real effort is made to introduce new and imaginative items in the programme. An Old Cocks' race with Bleriot monoplanes, Moranes, Grahame-White Box Kites, Maurice Farman Longhorns, a Caudron (the one with the gliding angle of a grand piano), a Sopwith Tabloid or, if some of these are unobtainable, such War-time machines as the Sopwith Pup, the Camel, the D.H.2, the F.E. 2b, the Vickers Pusher, and other of the old gang, would present at once the funniest and the most instructive spectacle seen in aviation since before the War. Those who, driving up from Brighton at the time of the old cocks' motor car race, suddenly came face to face with some vertical vehicle, swaying round the corner with, perched about it, two huge rubber-covered and be-goggled figures clutching the levers, were transposed into the past and enjoyed the experience. An aerial Old Cocks' race would certainly be a clanking success at the Display, and I beg the committee to include it.

\* \* \*

## Still More Biography.

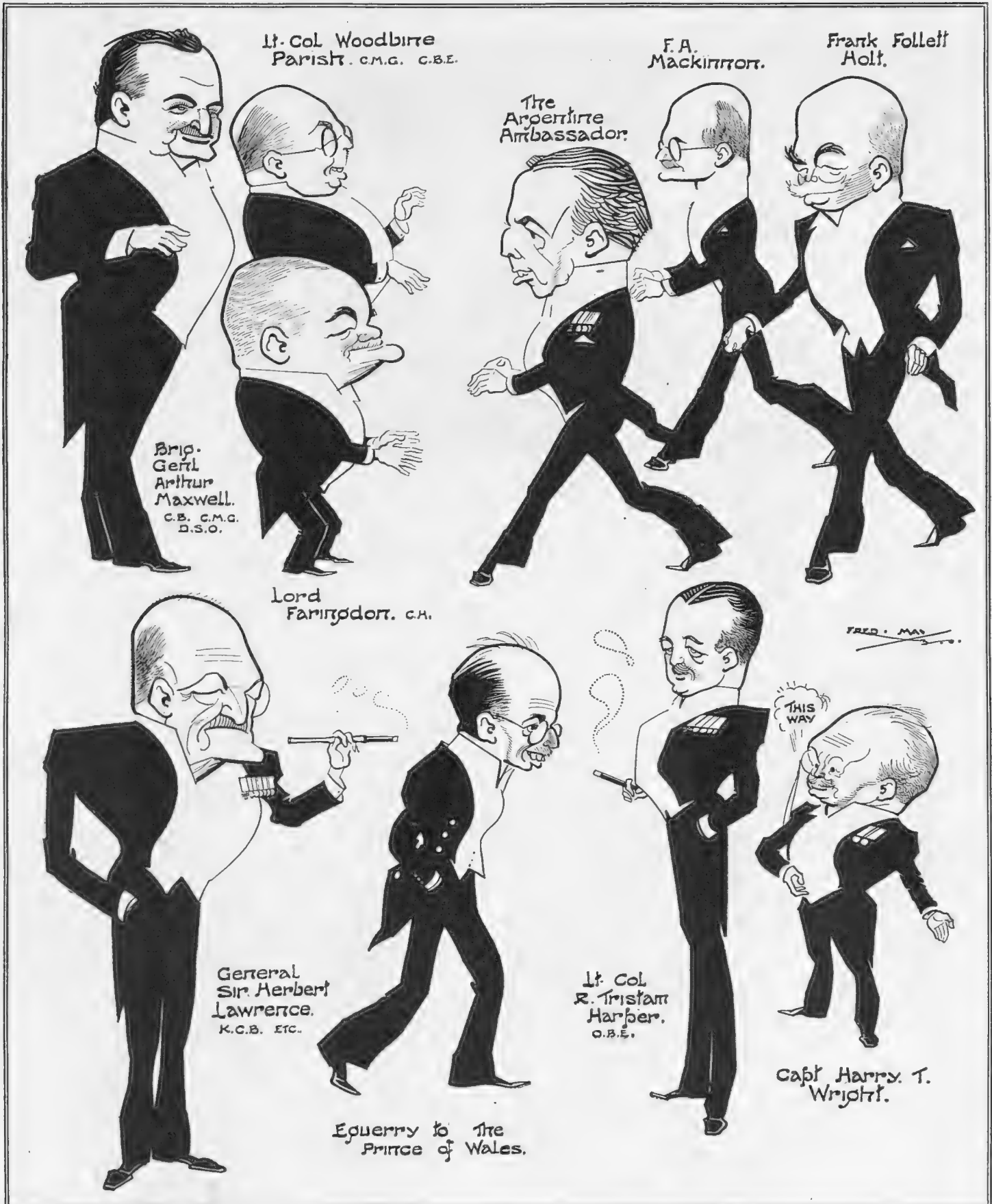
Biographies for aviators are still reaching me, but the standard has fallen. Of the five I have had this week not one has the requisite nonsensicality and downright negation of logical thought which is essential for the best results. The only one worthy of mention is much too solemn but it is the best of the batch. It goes:

Captain H. D. Davis  
(*Qualis cantus, talis avis*),  
Can train a pupil for his Licence "A"  
In a single day.

And now I give warning that no more biographies can be considered. I found that the form began to pall soon after I had set the ball rolling and letters with suggestions began to come in. It is bad enough to have to write as a profession; but to be expected to read as well is too much.



# THE ARGENTINE CLUB DINNER



## AMONGST THOSE PRESENT—BY FRED MAY

H.R.H. was the guest of honour at the Argentine Club dinner which was given at the Savoy, and replied to the toast of his health in Spanish. H.R.H., this fact quite apart, is assured of a wonderful reception in Buenos Aires, where he opens the great industrial exhibition in the spring. The toast of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was proposed by Lord Faringdon, who was in the chair, and is the President of the club. The health of the Chairman was proposed by the Argentine Ambassador, H.E. Don José Evaristo Uriburu, and H.R.H. proposed that of "Prosperity to the Argentine Club," Lieut.-Colonel Woodbine Parish replying



# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

## Road Code.

**F**ORGIVE me for suggesting that this is the appropriate time of year for getting a "code."

One could wish that those we endure in our noses were as mild and sensible as that which has been provisionally put forward by the Minister of Transport. As an expression of that common sense which comes with experience, the Highway Code is just ancient history condensed, and such being the case I am a little at a loss to understand how it comes about that a few simple rules for good behaviour should have to receive the authority of both Houses of Parliament. But I imagine that it is all of a piece with modern legislative "progress." We used to be governed by laws; now we are governed by Orders in Council; from that point it is perhaps but a short step to government by codes and regulations of a semi-compulsory order; the principal object of which is, I assume, to bring grist to the lawyer's mill. Little fault can be found with the Road Code, for it mostly merely commits to paper what we have all been doing for years. But there are one or two points that may reasonably be made the subject of criticism. To change, for example, the rule of the road for led, driven, and ridden horses is, in my humble judgment, asking for trouble. The old principle was founded upon common sense and worked very well indeed. People in the country will not readily take to the new. Do you remember that experiment which was tried a year or two ago, when all the denizens of the footpaths of London streets were politely requested to "Keep to the Left," and politely declined to break away from their old habits? That was simply a piece of illogical folly, for if we have got to cut things fine we naturally prefer to deal with that which is coming towards us and that we can see. We walk, therefore, not by any rule, but purely according to circumstances. Which works very well indeed. Then there is another thing. The stop-light (I believe this is, strictly speaking, still illegal in motor-cars in this country) is the most effective of signals, and should exonerate the driver from waving his hand. Yet in the new Road Code I find no word of stop-lights. Instead I find that the signal "I am going to turn right" is differentiated from that which says, "I am going to stop." Everyone knows that a single action will do very well for both messages, the position of the car being, of course, taken into consideration. Yet again, under the new Code, pedestrians and others are definitely encouraged to give signals. This shows that the people who draw up these things never leave their offices. For years pedestrians have been giving impudent signals, for all the world as though they were authorized traffic controllers, and demanding that impossible braking stunts should be performed. I cannot but feel that to encourage them to do more in this direction is highly dangerous. For the man whose absurd commands have been disobeyed, because they were entirely impracticable, may well turn out to be a very hostile witness. Finally, it is a pity (though, I grant, unavoidable) that our roads should now have to be subject to an utterly new classification. Goodness knows what has been spent upon labelling them A's and B's—now all that futile work has been got to be done over again, so that they can be distinguished as Majors and Minors. The country is so prosperous that it can well afford extravagances of this trivial kind.

## A Truly Wonder Car.

I have been for a ride in the new 8-litre Bentley! When you, gentle reader, have done the same, you will realize how potent that sentence is. There is, in fact, no new existent province in the world of automobilism to conquer. For Britain has done it again. This car, I must tell you, completely "had" me. I thought it was just an enlarged edition, plus a few



Hay Wrightson  
MRS. JACK VLASTO AND HER DAUGHTERS

A most attractive group of the wife of Mr. J. A. Vlasto and her two pretty little daughters, Jill, aged six, and Valerie, aged five. Mrs. Vlasto is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. H. Walker of Tighnamium, Monipeth, Scotland, and a niece of the famous surgeon, Sir John Thompson-Walker

refinements, of the famous 6½-litre and I know someone told me that it was primarily intended to be a town-carriage. That it certainly is, and in this department I would never ask for anything nicer. But it is worth mentioning, in passing, that the thing will very comfortably do more than 100 m.p.h. on the flat. I may be wrong (though I doubt it) when I suggest that this is the fastest standard car in the world. But that is only a side-issue compared to the fact that when all the 240 horses that are stabled under this long graceful bonnet are unleashed, the wind and the tyres make more noise than all the rest of the car put together. And let me tell you that you can trickle along at 10 m.p.h. on top as smoothly as you can cruise at 70. Never in my life have I known a vehicle in which such a prodigious performance was linked to such smooth, unobtrusive, quietness. Third gear is almost as inaudible as top; it gives you, when you want it, a very quick 75. And this you cannot believe until you put it to the stop-watch test. The springing of this car is something about which one wants to write a book for it is such a new experience. You see a little road-bump coming, you feel a little soft lifting sensation . . . and the job is over and done with. Hitherto, in the development of very high-speed luxury cars Britain has not greatly shone, for the good and sufficient reason that these islands are really not big enough for them. Therefore the enthusiast has got into the habit of extolling Continental and even American models. For myself I have tried them all and the new 8-litre Bentley has got them whacked.



Detective (to victimized Landlady): Ah! you'll be lucky if you ever see him again, mum; your late lodger was a real bad 'un; 'e was born with a hotel spoon in his mouth

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



## TWO AT A SITTING

New Portraits of Lady Raglan and the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Williamson

Lord Raglan's engaging wife was the Hon. Julia Hamilton before her marriage and is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton. She possesses a very sympathetic and charming personality, and her husband's county, Monmouthshire, thoroughly approves of her. Lord and Lady Raglan have two children, the Hon. Janetta and the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset



LADY RAGLAN

*Yvonne*



*Peter North*  
THE HON. MRS. KENNETH WILLIAMSON

Tall and slight with blue eyes and very fair hair Lord Forres' daughter-in-law decorates many London parties. Her flair for the right kind of frocks is well developed, and she is in complete agreement with fashion's longer view. Major Kenneth Williamson, who is in the Westminster Dragoons, is Lord Forres' elder son. He and his wife live at The Fishery, near Denham, in Buckinghamshire



## THE PASSING SHOWS



"Oh Daddy!"

at

the Princes Theatre

## CATCHING HIM AT THE WICKET

Great-Uncle Sam (Mr. Guy Fane) pounces upon Tyldesley Pye (Mr. W. H. Berry) whilst that genial hypocrite has got the lovely cabaret dancer, Ninonde-Lys (Miss Heather Thatcher) sitting where she hadn't oughter. The lady asks Tyldesley "who the funny little man is?" His answer is "Maurice Chevalier!" In his home town Tyldesley is a pillar of virtue, but the moment he comes to town the tiger in him breaks loose



## EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL

Miss Elizabeth Allan as Phyllis Pye, the errant Tyldesley's daughter by his first marriage and a very modern flapper

**F**ARCES like *It's a Boy* and *Oh, Daddy!* do not readily associate themselves with the Fatherland, but both these conscientious efforts to remove life's load of sorrow from low-brow shoulders have been adapted by Mr. Austin Melford from the German. To *It's a Boy*, Mr. Melford's first string, we have already paid tribute. *Oh, Daddy!* to whisper nothing but the truth, is not so well put together nor so overflowing with comic opportunities. The author, faced with the ordeal of keeping his puppets prancing for three acts, sticks to his job with the mechanical persistence of a stone-waller playing out time on a sticky wicket. Mr. W. H. Berry, the hope of the side, helps him out with a liberal supply of gags topical and typical, and an abundance of those ripe and ribald mannerisms which connoisseurs of musical comedy have treasured and trusted these many years. Mr. Berry is an old war-horse who knows every bugle call in the game. To say that the battle went with a bang every time he made a personal incursion into the fray is a testimonial to the resource and resilience of a comedian who can "stay for ever."

Stamina and situations are the main ingredients of a good farce. Something more than explanations and preliminary alarms should occupy the first act. By the end of the second the story should still be alive and kicking. Neither of these desiderata appear in *Oh, Daddy!* Act I introduces us by leisurely stages to a nice-minded cabaret dancer called Ninonde-Lys (Miss Heather Thatcher); her secretary (Miss Nancie Nielson); her mother (Miss Tonie Bruce); a wealthy swain whose persistency, after twenty-five rejected proposals, has earned for him the soubriquet of Bonzo (Mr. Fred Hearne); and a volatile French count (Mr. Charles Stone). Ninon's claim to fame and a private suite at the Ritz-Astoria are indicated by the costume in which she has just performed her celebrated firefly dance for the benefit of the Ritz-Astorians. This masterpiece of tights and tulle, with head-dress in the candelabra style so favoured by the Folies Bergère, would tax the equilibrium of most pedestrians. That Ninon contrived to dance in it explains the generosity of her American contract.

Miss Thatcher wisely shed some of her encumbrances as quickly as



## MISS RACHEL FRY AS "EMILY"

Whose young man refuses to let her join the Purity League. She sings hymns but prefers jazz



possible, and proceeded to explain, with Miss Bruce's assistance, the salient facts of the story—namely, that her mother, who had married again, had never dared to inform her second lord and master that his step-daughter was a dancer. Mr. Tyldesley Pye, it appeared, was vice-president of the Dumbhampton branch of the Society for the Propagation of Purity among Part-time Workers. Daughters whose photographs appeared *au naturel* in "The Sketch" were not mentioned in Dumbhampton, where Mr. Pye was a pillar of Puritanism and the avowed enemy of sin.

The moment we had been waiting for came at last, and with it Mr. Berry in Quakerish black, accompanied by a Mr. Rupert Boddy (Mr. Robert Nainby) in raiment of an even inkier hue. These two sanctimonious crows had deserted the mass meeting of the Purity League before that gathering had been dispersed by hooligans armed with stink bombs. The truth being, of course, that Mr. Pye was a saint in Dumbhampton but a perfect devil in London. While Mr. Boddy, who looked like a cross between the First Grave-digger and the Last Trump, was the kind of Puritan, when left to his own devices, to wander into a night club, buy champagne for doubtful young ladies, and go to bed in his boots.

The arrival of Mr. Pye, armed with the Count's flowers and the intention of taking the dancer out to supper, is traditional. Farce and musical comedy can be counted on to produce a Mr. Pye with unflinching regularity. It is to this one's credit that the little bit of fluff he was pursuing happened to be his own step-daughter. Here was Ninon's opportunity to make life easier for her mother. One had only to observe that lady's evening gown in Act 3 to realize that to a comely matron of forty-two life in Dumbhampton was about as cheerful as the Litany in a cold church without hassocks. Ninon set

That being the end of Act I is also, virtually, the end of the story. The fly had walked into the parlour and been duly pounced upon by the star-spangled spider, while that vampire's mother lurked in the background chortling with anticipation at the prospect of brighter days. The author might have shown us a private room in some indiscreet restaurant and interrupted the *tête-à-tête* by sundry incursions of the Dumbhampton Elders. Mrs. Pye might

have had a night out with the curate and dropped in at an osculatory crisis. Mr. Boddy and his bevy of beauty were not so far away. No one would have complained had Great-Uncle Sam (Mr. Guy Fane) and his beard, into which Mr. Pye desired later to slip a ferret, forsaken the sanctity of Dumbhampton for the fleshpots of the metropolis. The obliging Emily (Miss Rachel Fry), who sang popular ditties when alone and was musicless profane when the hirsute one called her, might have come too.

But all these things having been done before, the author took us off to the Pye's garden at Dumbhampton, brought up a couple of fresh characters as reinforcements, and proceeded to heap coals of embarrassment on the arch-sinner's head. The newcomers were Phyllis Pye (Miss Elizabeth Allan), who had been expelled from school for flirting with a young man called Billy (Mr. Arnold Riches) over the garden wall. In due course Ninon herself arrived on the scene, sat brazenly on Mr. Pye's knee, and was caught in the act by Great-Uncle Sam. Once more the story came to an end when she explained that he was her step-father. It is rare in farce that any explanation is either (a) entirely true, or (b) believed unanimously. In this case everybody accepted the truth as truth, and the rest of the evening merely prolonged the moment when Mr. Pye should cease to be the only one of the party to remain in the outer darkness of deceit.

True, the Count reappeared as (1) president of the Bordeaux Branch of the Purity League and (2) Billy's uncle, with power to say "Bless you my children," albeit prematurely in view of the surprising youthfulness of the contracting parties. But the last act creaked a bit, despite Mr. Berry's jokes about Mrs. Merrick and the Sulphate of Zinc, Mr. Fane's amusing eccentricities, Mr. Nainby's staccato twitchings, and Miss Thatcher's strenuous efforts to impart a champagne feeling to the proceedings.

All of which is not to say that this piece will fail to spread the growing gospel of farce, or distil the essence of Christmas cheer. At this time of the year the theatres are full of time-honoured ghosts, and we mezzo-brows who delight in sterner stuff than slap-stick and sugar-candy, must wait for new ventures until the pastures of pantomime are no longer green and the revivals have entered again upon their twelve months' sleep. Somewhere between the latest blooms and the hardy annuals there should be a festive corner for *Oh Daddy!*

"TRINCULO."



RUPERT BODDY (MR. ROBERT NAINBY)

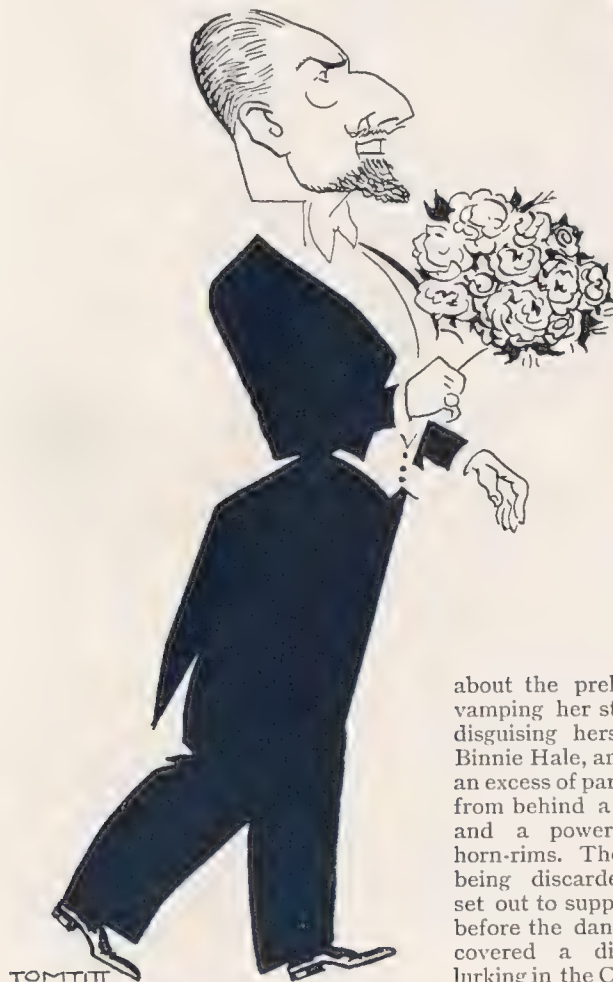
One of the pillars of the Dumbhampton branch of the Society for the Propagation of Purity among Part-time Workers. He, too, goes astray amid the night-lights o' London



LINDA PYE (MISS TONIE BRUCE)

Mrs. Pye didn't dare tell her husband that her daughter was a cabaret dancer because the old humbug was vice-President of the Purity League

about the preliminaries of vamping her step-father by disguising herself as Miss Binnie Hale, and professing an excess of part-time purity from behind a black shawl and a powerful pair of horn-rims. These trappings being discarded, the pair set out to supper. But not before the dancer had discovered a diamond ring lurking in the Count's roses, a gift which was to cost Mr. Boddy £150, Mr. Pye having had the presence of mind to present the Count with that hypocrite's card instead of his own.



THE COUNT DUVAL (MR. CHARLES STONE)

As a suitor for the dancer's favours the Count is a failure. He does better as the President of the Bordeaux Branch of the S.P.P.P.W.



## FEATHER AND FUR



LORD BROWNLOW

MAJOR THE HON. R.  
MOLYNEUXTHE HON. MOUNTJOY  
FANE

Photographs by Howard Barrett  
THE EARL OF ANCASTER



Howard Barrett  
COLONEL REGGIE SEYMOUR  
WITH THE BELVOIR  
LAST WEEK



WITH THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE AT WINSLEY

Left to right: Captain Eager, Mr. G. H. Errington, Mr. Sidney Groves, Mr. Musson, Miss C. Fielden, Miss Joana Barnard, and Miss Clare Whitaker, whose father is the Master of the South Shropshire Hounds

Truman Howell

All the pictures at the top were taken at a shoot Lord Ancaster gave recently over his Grimsthorpe Castle estate in Lincolnshire. Lord Brownlow is also a big Lincolnshire landowner, and his seat is Belton not far from Grantham, and one of the Belvoir fixtures. The Hon. Mountjoy Fane is Lord Westmorland's brother. The Hon. Richard Molyneux is a brother of the late Lord Sefton. Colonel Reggie Seymour is an Equerry to His Majesty. He was badly hit in the War. Winsley Hall was the South Shropshire's after-the-hunt-ball fixture, and the gaiety obviously spread over to the next morning





### THE NAVY THAT FLIES!

A marvellous photographic study by that well-known artist in this department, Captain Alfred Buckham, who was formerly in the R.A.F. A better sea and sky-scape it would be impossible to imagine, and the patience which must have been expended upon obtaining such a really beautiful composition and balance can be well understood. No artist of the brush could have achieved anything better in these respects and Captain Buckham's picture is a veritable masterpiece



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

HAPPY New Year, Très Cher, the happiest ever! My wishes, for once, are exactly on time, for this should reach you on New Year's Eve. I imagine you struggling with a white tie in order to welcome 1931 in the proper spirit with spirits (liquid) and other spirited spirits



MLLE. NILDA DUPLESSY

The pretty commère of the Marigny Revue, in which very bright show she also plays a number of characters. She is one of the best looking young actresses on the French revue stage

... nevertheless I know I shall be weeping; you see it will be my last hours in the little Auteuil house that has sheltered me since my home-coming after the War for, on January 2, it falls into the hands of the house-breakers. In lieu of the absurd little timbered home that has been mine for the last twelve years, a vast, pudden-like block of flats will rear its hideous proportions there, where my garden and its chestnut trees used to be. Wouldn't you weep; even you, oh least sentimental of souls? It seems so futile to destroy this quaint little place since the very vexed problem of housing the inhabitants of this hamlet is not being solved by the innumerable new erections that have been run up during the last few years. The well-built ones are prohibitive as to price, and the cheaper ones are so spit-and-plastery that people simply dare not live in them. All over the city huge, barrack-like buildings are standing empty. I shall probably follow the example of many of my friends. Scrap my "staff" (this sounds rich, but SHE—my staff—is a one-and-only, really) and make an "annual arrangement" with one of the big hotels.

This is what our greatest of French writers, Madame Colette, has done. She had an adorable little flat in the Palais Royal, but it was on what the Americans like to call the "mezzanine" floor, and her long, narrow, beautifully decorated rooms were absolutely sunless. Now Colette must have sunshine, not only for herself but for Souci, her very perfect toy bulldog and for Chat, her blue Persian kitten. Now she has two sunlit, airy rooms on the topmost floor of a big hotel in the Champs Élysées, to which—by special courtesy of the management—she has brought her own furniture and favourite bits and pieces. Souci

and Chat play on a flower-decked balcony with a southern exposure, and Colette herself will be able to indulge in sun baths if weather (and opposite neighbours) permit, and WON'T it be nice for her to have such a splendid view up the Champs Élysées when the NEXT war is over and the troops come marching home under the Arc de Triomphe!

The German and American-trade-marked War-Film-Horrors that are being banned in Germany draw crowded houses in Paris. They are hissed, but they are attended. One sweet young thing told me the other day that she thought *Quatre de l'Infanterie* too perfectly ghastly for words, and that it had made her feel positively sick every one of the four times she had been to see it! Bless her golden curls. Meanwhile war-scare talk is a favourite topic; it died down a little during the last Government crisis, but now it looks like raging again since every garage in town exhibits a discreet but peremptory poster reminding car-owners that their vehicles must be registered—for military census—at the nearest Mairie before the end of the month! Happy days!

Ah, if one could only pack up one's goods and chattels and go and live in peace in the Kingdom of Tryphème! Do you remember that enchanting novel of Pierre Louys', written in the early days of this century, "*Les Aventures du Roi Pausole*." Pausole was a benign, polygamous old darling who believed in beauty, liberty, and unequality of the sexes. His kingdom was in a warm and sunny climate, and all the beautiful young wenches thereof were required to go about *nues comme la main*, which was annoying for the dress-makers but very saving for papas and husbands. Exception he made however for his own daughter, who was brought up swathed in the proper amount of whalebone and high-tuckered frock. King Pausole's adventures begin when this same innocent daughter—*la blanche Aline*—runs away with a troupe of ballet dancers, having fallen in love with the *premier travesti*, whose dainty boy's suit and impudent charm cause Aline to believe that she is dealing with a "real young man." The youngsters lead Pausole an amusing dance through the length and breadth of his kingdom . . . but all ends well; by the time he catches the truants Aline has discovered her error, and her heart has been caught on the rebound by the page Giglio, who was sent to find her, and was considered quite a suitable match by naughty old Pausole, since he had been able to laugh his way into the King's favour. A musical play has been adapted from this story and delightfully produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens; the great feature of the production is the fact that the music is by Arthur Honegger, that most "advanced" of musicians, who has written a delightful and tuneful score.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MADAME LUDMILLA PITOEFF

Who appears as Nora in "*A Doll's House*," trims the Christmas tree at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre. The famous actress is a grateful memory to Paris for her wonderful performance in the French version of "*Sainte Joan*" and may return to London in the spring



# EVELYN LAYE'S FIRST FILM, AND OTHERS



MISS EVELYN LAYE IN "ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT"



MISS VIRGINIA CHERRILL AND MR. MORGAN DENNIS, THE ARTIST

Miss Evelyn Laye's big picture, "One Heavenly Night," opened at the Tivoli, in the Strand, on Boxing Day, and is an acclaimed success. It is the story of a humble little flower girl, whose beautiful voice carries her to the top of the ladder, and also wins for her a noble and good-looking husband (Mr. John Boles). Miss Virginia Cherrill is Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his new film, "City Lights," and the picture was taken when Mr. Morgan Dennis, who is a leading portrait-etcher in America, was making a study. The picture of Miss Anita Page, one of the film's most beautiful blondes, was taken in Vienna



MISS ANITA PAGE





ALCESTIS RESTORED BY HERACLES TO HER HUSBAND ADMETOS: Left to right—Miss Angela Dudley Ward, the Hon. Laura Palmer, and Miss Diana Renshaw

## THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES

Young Society in  
a Greek Tragedy  
in aid of Charity



APOLLO: Miss Rosemary Peto

The son of Zeus, who is compelled to serve in a mortal household, about to be confronted with the daemonic figure of Thanatos. Miss Rosemary Peto is Major Ralph Peto's daughter. Left: Miss Patricia Morrison-Bell, the daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, whose dancing was much applauded



INVOCATION TO THE GODS: A group including Lady Patricia Guinness, the Hon. Victoria Stanley, the Hon. Nancy Brett, Miss Suzanne du Boulay, and Miss J. Bailey

The *Alcestis* of Euripides was excellently given at the Rudolph Steiner Hall shortly before Christmas by pupils of a London school in aid of Dockland Settlements. The title-rôle was taken by Lady Winifred Renshaw's daughter Diana, Mrs. Dudley Ward's younger daughter was Admetos, King of Thessaly, and the boisterous Heracles was well played by Lord and Lady Wolmer's second daughter. The daughters of Lord and Lady Iveagh, Lord and Lady Esher, and Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley were also in the cast



HERACLES AND THE CUP-BEARER: The Hon. Laura Palmer (left) and the Hon. Virginia Brett





## THE HEROINE OF "PRIVATE LIVES" : MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A vivid impression of the lovely Amanda, the heroine of Mr. Noel Coward's cocktail and pyjama party world in his latest winner, "Private Lives," which has filled the Phoenix Theatre at every performance. Mr. Noel Coward plays the hero himself. Elyot and Amanda, as the theatre-going world at any rate knows, marry, divorce, and then run away from their respective lawful belongings, probably to go on doing the same thing for the rest of their cocktail lives. Mr. Coward's skit on his own play, produced at the Denville Hall Charity Matinée at the London Hippodrome, and which he calls, "Some Other Private Lives," caused much merriment and deserves preservation.





## THE RULES

By H. M. Baym

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office.





## THE RULES OF LIFE

By H. M. Bateman

obtained from the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



50 Flat Pocket Tin 2/6  
(as illustrated)

also Blue Tins containing

100 for 4/10    150 for 7/3



*"It's the Tobacco that Counts"*

N.C.C.



## “THE MINOR FIELDS OF ‘OSS ENTERPRISE’”



WITH A DRAG-HOUND PACK IN SUSSEX

The photographer had a better chance than he would have had if it had been a case of a fox, for there was nothing to head. Even the aniseed has brought them to their noses in the plough, but it will not matter, as the line is almost certain to be dead ahead, and they will pick it up again



FLYIN' 'EM BLIND AT LINGFIELD

An excellent impression of what it feels like when there is more than a bit of a crowd. The actual event is the Cobham Selling Hurdle Race, run at the recent Lingfield Meeting and won by Mr. Stanley Wootton's Peeper. Fifteen ran and only one got down. The fourth horse from the left of the picture looks to be standing back at it a bit far, and to have taken off when his immediate leader did





LORD DORCHESTER AND  
MRS. SCOTT-MURRAY

Photographed when the Garth kept an appointment at Sherfield Green. Lord Dorchester, whose family place is Greywell Hill in Hampshire, had the Garth for two seasons jointly with Mr. H. S. Chinnock. They were succeeded in 1928 by Colonel F. G. Barker of Stanlake Park, the present Master

## WE FOXHUNTERS



LADY MILDMAI AT  
SHERFIELD GREEN



MAJOR M. E. BARCLAY, M.F.H.

(Left) LADY SIBELL LYGON

Major Maurice Barclay joined his father, Mr. Edward E. Barclay, in the Master-ship of the Puckeridge in 1910. Mr. Barclay having previously been in sole control for fourteen seasons. This picture was taken at Elsenham near Bishops Stortford. Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord and Lady Beauchamp's second daughter, was photographed at a recent Midland tryst, and Colonel Lockett and his daughter were at Harby when they encountered the camera. Colonel Lockett is the very popular hon. sec. to the Belvoir Hunt



Howard Barrett



COLONEL JEFFREY LOCKETT AND  
HIS DAUGHTER WITH THE BELVOIR



A DECORATIVE  
GALLERY OF  
TWO



MISS ROSE BINGHAM

Miss Rose Bingham, who will be presented next season, is the daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand and of the late Mr. David Bingham, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1914, and was the son of Major-General the Hon. Sir Cecil Bingham, a brother of the Earl of Lucan. Lady Rosabelle Brand married Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand, Coldstream Guards, in 1916. Lady Georgiana Curzon is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Howe and bears a strong likeness to her beautiful mother

*Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*



LADY GEORGIANA CURZON





LILI DAMITA

D'Ora, Paris

The famous film star, who, after a lengthy holiday in London, went to Paris, where the above exclusive and hitherto unpublished photograph was taken, and then sailed for America, where she will make a talking film with Al Johnson. Lili Damita was born and educated in Paris, and made her film debut at the early age of six. Hitherto she has appeared almost exclusively in French- and British-made pictures, also in some German-made ones. Her best-known, and probably most successful, French picture is "Red Heels".

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE following story is told of Sir James Barrie. He had been engaging an actor for one of his plays. The terms had been settled when the actor said: "Of course, Mr. Barrie, I am to be featured, am I not?"

Barrie said he did not understand. But the actor explained that he meant the names of all the cast should be printed on the programmes and bill in ordinary type and "at the end of this list my name is printed in larger type with the word 'and' just before it."

Barrie took a pull at his pipe, glanced at the actor thoughtfully, and replied, "Why not 'but'?"

At the first night of a new musical play an impresario was standing at the back of the stalls with some theatrical friends.

When the "imported" leading lady had been on the stage a little while the impresario turned to a colleague and remarked: "And to tink dat I taughter 'er Henglish."

Jock, who liked a drop, had been influenced by a minister to sign a temperance pledge. His friend Sandy was horrified. "Ech mon," he said, "air ye tellin' me ye'll nae hae anither drink as lang as ye live?"

"Aye, that's whit Ah'm tellin' ye," replied Jock, stoutly. "Ef the Thistle Distillery were tae burst and whusky ran doon the street up tae yer knees, wud ye no' stoop and hae a sup?" asked Sandy, incredulously.

"I wudna!"

"Then if ye stood in a lake o' whusky right up tae yer mooth, wud ye no' foreswear yersel' and sip it?"

"Ah, weel," replied Jock, "in that case maybe I micht mak' a wee bittie ripple wi' ma hands."

Cohen entered the bus with his small son. "How much for my little boy?" he asked the conductor.

"He's entitled to ride free if he's under four."

"But he will occupy a seat."

"That makes no difference."

"Vell," said Cohen, "how much discount will you give me if I leave him at home?"

It was the final race of the day, and as the jockey came in on the last horse he was met by an enraged owner.

"You're a fine one!" exclaimed the latter, "Why didn't you follow my instructions? I told you distinctly to come away with a rush from the corner."

"Yes, I know, sir," replied the jockey, sadly, "I tried my best, but I didn't like to come away without your horse."

"Father," said Isaac, "I saved twopence to-day. I ran all the way to school behind a bus."

"Vy didn't you run behind a taxicab and save half-a-crown?" asked his father.

A man had been knocked down by a small car, and the driver was attempting to propitiate him. "Here's ten shillings," he said, "and I'll send you some more if you'll give me your address."

"Ere! What's the game?" cried the victim, "you can't run over me on the instalment system!"

The plumber worked, the helper stood looking on helplessly. He was learning the business; this was his first day.

"I say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly, you idiot," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inches of it that were still unburned to the helper he said witheringly: "Here, if you must be so darned conscientious, blow that out."

A golfer was in the habit of engaging a caddie who was badly troubled with that distressing complaint, the hiccough. One day the man badly missed his drive, and turning to his caddie he said: "That was all through your confounded hiccough." "But I didn't hiccough," said the lad. "No, I know that," said the angry man, "but I allowed for it!"



# RANDALL'S

## WINTER *Sale* OF SHOES

All shoes in this Sale have been greatly reduced and some wonderful bargains are obtainable—do not miss this unique opportunity.



Real Crocodile Saddle Tie Shoe, low leather heel.

Sale Price **23/9**



Black or Bulrush Brown Lizard Calf Court or One-bar shoes, Louis heels, perfect fitting.

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Real Watersnake and Willow Calf Tie Shoe. Smart and serviceable.

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# TYPICAL BARGAINS FROM JAY'S CLEARANCE SALE

COMMENCING  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31st



Typical example from a collection of Tweed Coats, in beige and brown, and trimmed Brown Persian lamb, etc. *Original Prices 21 & 18½ gns.* SALE PRICE

From **10½ gns.**



Three-quarter length Coatee of light beige caracul paw, lined Crêpe de Chine to tone, complete with belt at waist.

SALE PRICE

Greatly reduced! **£19 10**



Crêpe de Chine Pyjamas, hand-embroidered in contrasting colours, with either square or V neck, peach, cream, pink.

SALE PRICE

*Original Price 4½ gns.* **73/6**



Milanese Jumper and Skirt, outsize, the Jumper is embroidered in all-over design in gold, navy/gold, brown/gold.

*Original Price 8½ gns.* SALE PRICE **6½ gns.**

Sportswear, Ground Floor

**EXQUISITE HOSIERY**

A small quantity of gossamer weight real 50-gauge French Silk Hose, in the well-known "Oisien Bleu" make, in blonde, red, tourterelle and caramel. These are slightly below their usual standard and marked down.

From **12/6**  
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# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

**A**LTHOUGH we are some distance off the point-to-point season we are bang in the middle of the one when numerous of our pals who are well-behaved and thoroughly enthusiastic fox-hunters will insist upon turning themselves into jockeys and doing the very dangerous. Let me endeavour to draw a comparison. Out hunting if you feel pale green—which, of course, I hope you never do—you are not on a good hiding to nothing if you are not in the first six all the way. You are not compelled to be brave if you don't feel like it, and it is only a loss of personal esteem if you turn away from something that you ought to have. But how very different it is, if you are a G.R. put up frequently (in my own experience) upon something you had never seen before, and are told that they have backed it for all the gold in Golconda, and that if you've the guts to "ride 'im boldly" you'll simply doddle home. Supposing he starts running away like a wheel to hell as you go to the first one, clouts it somewhere near the roots, and you carry away a truss of stuff on your irons, and he's as near down as dammit; suppose he stands back at the next one at least two yards too far and squeaks it somehow; suppose he skates over the next two also somehow; and only at about the sixth one shows any signs of dropping on to his bit, and condescend to date them right and you can make some sort of an effort to induce him go the pace you know the weight warrants; and supposing then you find that all that you have been told about its being impossible to get to the bottom of him is a flaming lie, and that unless the earth opens and swallows all the other runners you are bound to be 1, 2, 3 the tail end! How about it—compared to fox-hunting?

Post-mortems after bridge are bad enough, but they are as nothing to what happens after an adventure like this, when you have been assured that if you can't win, it won't be the horse's fault! Where's the comparison? And the owner? He says, in the event of something unpleasant having happened: "What a pity you let go of him! You'd have won on your sanguinary nose, even with the fall, if you hadn't!" And the trainer who, if kind-hearted or interested in the ride in the next race you have for him, and has borrowed a policeman's horse and come out with the cold meat van: "You aren't hurt? Hold your arm up! Oh, that's all right! Hop in and you'll be in plenty of time!" As if you can't hold your arm up when you've broken a collar-bone! He doesn't feel that beastly sick feeling a broken bone always gives you whether it's hurting or not—generally not—and mostly it's only nerves which make you



THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN WITH LADY ELIZABETH AND LADY JOANNA LAMBART

Lady Cavan is a daughter of the late Earl of Stafford, and when she married General Lord Cavan in 1922 was the widow of the late Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland. Lord Cavan had a brilliant War record on the Italian Front, and is a former Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds

feel sea-sick and try to keep your eyes focussed hard on a tree or a post on the race-course to keep from throwing a picturesque faint. He means well, naturally, and is a great moral support until he begins to tell you that you went the wrong pace the first mile and went up to them when you ought to have waited. He was looking on; you were in the battle competing with three in front which were running across them, and a loose horse which might go anywhere.



THE GLAMORGAN TERRITORIAL BALL AT CARDIFF

A group taken in the Drill Hall, Cardiff, where the recent ball given by the Glamorgan County Territorial Association was held. Every unit in the Western Command was well represented

Included in this group are; Lieut.-Colonel Morgan Owen, Colonel G. G. Bruce, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. Hier-Davies, Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Llewellyn, Major Lyttelton, Major and Mrs. F. N. Fawcett, Colonel and Mrs. Sheen, Colonel and Mrs. E. G. Green, Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Gaskell, Major S. T. Evans, Captain Lane, Major F. N. Fawcett, Lieut.-Colonel David, Lieut.-Colonel Cory Thomas, and others

**R**iding for a lady is also a bit perilous. I knew a chap who was rather keen on a lovely person I used to know and whom I have called Belphebe Thompson. He had a ride on a real death-trap she owned named Havelock. The trainer (one "Ananias" Smith) said to him in my hearing: "It's incompairable to me 'ow you think so much of a woman as keeps monkeys as bite, but there's on'y one way, 'ave a soft fall round the back somewhere and then get carried in and pretend you're 'urt even if you've broke your blinkin' neck! It'll show willin', and 'er ladyship 'll say, anyway 'e was bleedin' game.'" That fellow had every chance, but the little cherub who sits up aloft and looks after sailors and fools decreed that Havelock was to win. When he had shed the colours "Ananias" came to the G.R.'s dressing-room and said: "I almost wish as you 'ad broke your neck! If I'd known as I was to be 'arf 'ung by 'er 'olding on to my collar and screwin' it 'up as they come to each fence and diggin' 'er nails in worse than 'er blinkin' monkey, I'd 'ave 'it 'Avelock (the horse) over the 'ead with an 'ammer 'e went out! And was it 'Thank you, Mr. Smith, for trainin' my 'orse so nice'? No! 'Lucky for you, 'Ananias,' she says, 'for if 'e 'adn't won I'd 'ave 'ad you warned off the turf for life!' A-trainin' for a woman as keeps monkeys! It's imbecillious!"

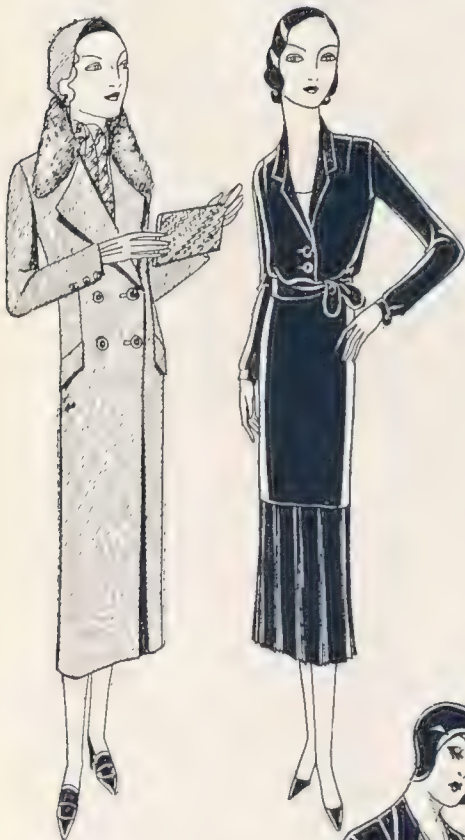


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Sale Price **3 gns.**

Small Sizes: Third Floor.

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# vickery

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"THE SAINTS" NORTHAMPTON XV

R. S. Crisp

The side which beat Bart's 17 to 6 in the recent match at Northampton. E. Coley, the captain, is suffering from some damaged ribs, and will be out of action for several weeks

The names, left to right, are: Standing—R. G. Langham (referee), A. C. B. Forge, T. G. H. Cleaver, W. H. Weston, V. Watkins, W. M. Jackson, M. Jelley, R. J. Longland, A. Freeman, G. H. Bailey; sitting—C. Slow, W. Taylor, J. Millward, E. Coley (captain, in mufti), T. Harris (vice-captain), E. J. Gordon (honorary secretary, in mufti), W. Green, T. G. H. Treen

ONE of the most attractive features of Rugby at Christmas-time is provided by the various schools, and especially by some of the more enterprising provincial institutions. These games are always worth watching. The football is always hard and keen, and constantly one sees evidence of careful coaching. It is easy, of course, to overdo instruction in Rugby, just as it is in cricket, but the wise coach can always justify his existence.

Usually the best of sport obtains in these matches, and distressing incidents such as the one that occurred in the Midlands the other day are few and far between. A row in a school game is almost as unheard of as in the 'Varsity match itself, and no other evidence is needed to demonstrate the sound effect on the personal character of Rugby played as it should be played.

Those who would like to see schoolboy Rugby at its best should make a point of visiting the Richmond Athletic ground to-morrow, New Year's Day, when a fifteen of Scottish schoolboys meet a similar side from the English schools. This is always a great game to watch, for though the teams are not necessarily representative there is keen competition for places. Several famous Internationals have made their first public appearance in this match, and there may be some budding Wakefields on view to-morrow.

The English side is collected as a rule by the Richmond authorities, who wisely announce that it is not to be considered as representative of the English schools as a whole. It is to all intents and purposes selected from schools in or near London, and the Richmond officials deserve the thanks of Rugby folk for doing as much as that. A schoolboy international between England and Scotland would be a most attractive fixture, but it would have to be handled by the Unions of the countries concerned; and neither Commander Cooper nor Mr. H. M. Simson is likely to be wildly enthusiastic about it.

There are a few people who delight in finding fault with the Rugby Union and all its works and who trot out a bogey or two annually. Just recently the notion that English international games should be played at Wembley has been again introduced to the Rugby public. Twickenham is not good enough for these people who actually seem to think that for the sake of some extra thousands of people the Rugby Union will desert their own head-quarters. Without dwelling on the unsuitability of the Wembley enclosure for Rugby, it is enough to say that our international games are no more likely to be played there than in Timbuctoo.

Another hardy annual is the danger threatened to our game by professional Rugby. This exists solely in the imagination of people who understand neither the theory nor the practice of the Rugby

## Rugby Ramblings

Union game, and who appear to be almost as ignorant of the conditions required to run a professional club. Of course there will always be migrations from the amateur ranks to the opposition, but these are comparatively so few in number that they do not affect the situation as a whole.

Wales is the only country that has any serious trouble, and the Principality has certainly lost some valuable players. This is largely due to industrial distress, and after all no one can blame a working-man player if he turns his aptitude for Rugby into ready money. It is his own business entirely if he

"takes the cash and lets the credit go," and very often he would be blind to his own interest if he did not. But as to the amateur game being in any actual danger the mere suggestion is ridiculous.

Next Saturday the final trial, England v. the Rest, is to be played at Twickenham, and given decent weather there will be a big crowd, mainly composed of those who know enough about the game to appreciate such a test. The people who go to head-quarters merely because it is the thing to do so will be absent, and the spectators, generally speaking, will be keen critics. That always makes this match one of the most interesting of the season, and rarely indeed does one hear any complaints on that score. Views on the different players are often at variance, and for that reason all the more attractive.

At the moment of writing the teams have not been made public, though of course it is possible to make a pretty shrewd guess at them, and also at the composition of the side that will oppose Wales on January 17. Speaking generally England ought to have an average side, but there is little chance of its being more than that; the forwards should be all right, especially the two front rows, but one cannot help being a little anxious as to the two comrades of P. D. Howard in the back row.

The Oxford man is mentioned because he is, in the view of most people who follow the game, the best forward in the country. He was in splendid form all last season, and up to the present he has been doing even better. It is just as well, now that he did not go on the New Zealand tour, for he might have been below par like most of those who made the journey. Some of the best of our men of last season have not even been considered for the highest honours—the usual result of a tour abroad.

"LINE-OUT."



BART'S HOSPITAL XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was beaten 17 to 6 by Northampton in the recent match

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back—J. G. Youngman, R. Mundy, J. R. R. Jenkins, R. M. Kirkwood, W. H. Grabb, K. J. Harvey, G. D. S. Briggs, C. W. John, and G. F. Petty (touch judge); seated—J. D. Powell, J. A. Munn, V. C. Thompson, J. T. C. Taylor (captain), B. S. Lewis, C. P. Prouse, and E. M. Darmady



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# "BURKE'S WELL"

By VIVIAN PIERCY

"'I knew I was witnessin' how them two chaps died'"

WHEN I got Jack Hargrave's wire that "Burke's Well"—an eighty-thousand acre lease of river country—was going begging, I wasted no time.

In thirty-six hours I had filled my application in Adelaide, secured a week's option, and was *en route* to Mornington, the nearest township to which the place was situated.

There I was lucky enough to find a buggy and pair, with a driver who knew the country which I wished to inspect.

Early the next morning we set out, as "Burke's Well" lay some thirty miles east of Mornington, close to the south-east bend of the Murray, commonly known as the "Bend"; the nearest point coming down within three or four miles of the river. It was roughly eleven miles by twelve, surrounded by a sheep fence, but not sub-divided, as I ascertained by the map.

Near the centre lay the well from which it derived its name, and the dam, which I learnt held sufficient water in good years for all stock requirements between rains. The water in the well was permanent, so the driver said, not good but drinkable.

"Here ye are," he said, some time later, as he pulled up by the old stock yards. "Not a hoof on it for more than twenty years."

"Why?" I asked, for I could see there was any amount of feed, if only from the number of kangaroos we had passed—a sure indication of good pasturage.

"Well," he answered, wiping the sweat from his brow, for the day was a scorcher, "it is too far away from 'Weeta-Weeta' to have been much use to old Taverner. He 'ad six hundred thousand acres about here and 'adn't no need for this corner, but he 'ung on jest to spite Truelove, o' 'Three Pines,' over that way twenty-eight miles as the crow flies." He waved his hand northwards. "Come in 'andy for Truelove," he went on, "but them two blokes was jest like a coupla dogs over a bone; 'ated each other like pizen, and always a-crabbin' of each other's deals when they got the chanst. But Taverner died last year, and the lease fallin' in, his execkiters lets it go."

"Why hasn't Truelove grabbed it, then?" I asked.

"He's away north looking at a place out from Oodnadatta. Bin gone about two months and ain't heard, I reckon."

"Well, that is his bad luck," I replied, as we descended from the buggy to have a look round.

We were standing on the top of a sandy pinch close to the ruined log hut, built by the original owner, I suppose, at the edge of the thick bush. At our feet stretched a flat plain about half-a-mile either way, and devoid of scrub. In the centre lay the dam, and between the two at the foot of the hillock was the well, which merits a description to itself. An ancient, rickety

windlass surmounted it, protected by a ring of stout pine logs placed close together, about 4 ft. high. It was 175 ft. deep. We measured it with a piece of binder twine. The sides for the first few feet had been riveted with timber, but the rest of the way they were just as they had been dug, and were about 5 ft. long and perhaps 3 ft. wide.

The remains of a rough ladder clamped to one side by iron spikes, let down into the inky depths.

"Gosh," I said, as we peered down. "You don't mean to tell me that this is the work of one man?"

"Too right," was the laconic answer. "Burke 'ad an arrangement of pulleys and things at the top for pullin' up the dirt and chucking it over on one side, and when he comes up he would clear it all away."

"Took him four years and six months; after it was finished he fell down it and was killed."

"How did that happen?" I asked. "I suppose the ladder broke?"

"No, not that," he answered. "Some say he was thrown down by a chap and was picked up dead somewhere near here. 'Pears they had been having a row, but it was long afore my time, and I don't rightly know. He didn't seem to 'ave no relations, so the Government puts the place up for sale, and Taverner, 'earin' as Truelove wanted it, grabs it first. But he never did nuthin' with it. Jest paying the rent to spite Truelove."

This was no concern of mine. The place was just suited to my modest capital. I determined to make all speed to the City and clinch the matter.

It was after midnight when we got back to Mornington, but I was too excited building castles in the air to feel tired; country like this and handy to the river didn't often come into the market. I had been very lucky.

As the train pulled out of Mornington early the following morning, the door of my compartment, which I occupied alone, was suddenly thrown open, and an elderly man, clad in a fusty pepper-and-salt suit, scrambled in and sat down, mopping his brow.

"Near thing, young fellar," he said to me. A pair of faded blue eyes glanced at me with the simple, open expression of a child. White whiskers and a short beard adorned his plump cheeks and hid his mouth, but the dome of his head was perfectly bald. He was obviously a man of seventy or thereabouts, but the manner in which he had boarded the moving train proved that he was possessed of an energy that might well be envied by a man twenty years his junior.

I made some suitable rejoinder, and we got into conversation. When I told him the reason of my visit to Mornington he became very interested.

"Now what part were ye thinkin' of takin' up?" he asked.

"Burke's Well," I said.

(Continued on p. 634b)



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**ATTRACTIVE FUR COATS** in Persian lamb, trimmed various furs, different shapes, of which sketch, worked from selected skins trimmed beige dyed squirrel, lined flowered crêpe-de-chine, is an example.

Original Prices 98 to 125 Gns.

Sale Price **79 Gns.**

**HANDSOME SUITS**, some originals, others copies of French models, various materials, of which sketch, in black cloth with yellow and gold brocade bodice to frock, coat trimmed fur, is an example.

Original Prices 28½ to 38½ Gns.

Sale Price **18½ Gns.**

**DELIGHTFUL LACE TEA FROCKS** different styles, colours and pattern laces, many copies of French models, of which sketch, in heavy Nil lace, sleeveless frock with slight train, long sleeved coatee, is an example.

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**SILK SATIN BEAUTÉ NIGHT-DRESS**, trimmed cream lace. In sky, parchment, pink, lemon, apricot, coral, green and ivory.

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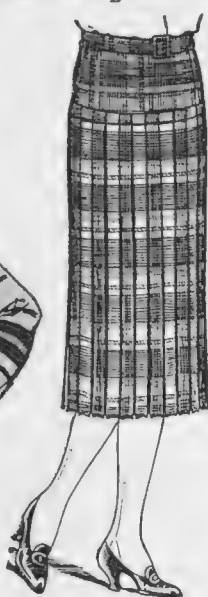
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**ATTRACTIVE WOOLLEN JUMPERS**, different styles and colours, of which sketch, knitted in a smart three-tone stripe, is an example.

Original Prices 29/6 to 59/6

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**PRACTICAL SKIRTS** in check, plaid and wool suiting, in various colours, of which sketch, attractively pleated with plain yoke, belted at waistline, is an example.

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**WASHING SATIN BEAUTÉ KNICKERS**, elastic knee and dainty petals. In black, pink, parchment, beige and ivory.

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**KNEE BREECHES** in printed crêpe-de-chine, various designs, **21/9**



**CHILDREN'S PARTY FROCKS** in various designs in taffeta, lace, etc., of which sketch, in silk net with ruching at hem, trimmed ribbon appliques, is an example. Sizes 26 to 34 ins.

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**ATTRACTIVE SPRING COAT** for little girls, in shades of rose, blue or yellow mixture tweed. Sizes 18 to 24 inches.

Original Prices 75/9 to 89/6

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**HANDSOME BRIDGE COAT** on black navy and brown georgette grounds, with embossed designs in multi-coloured velvet; fur collar and flared sleeves, shaped to natural waistline.

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**Burke's Well**—(Continued from p. 634)

At that he became very thoughtful, and stared at me for some minutes before speaking. His fingers were drumming restlessly on his knees.

"Have ye 'eard anything about the place?" he said at length.

"Yes; a chap of the name of Hickson drove me out," and I mentioned what I had heard about Taverner, Truelove, and the death of Burke. He nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Aye, but that's not the right of it. Truelove didn't want it; he knew what was wrong, same as me."

He paused and stared at me again with a speculative expression in his frank, open gaze. He appeared to be turning something over in his mind.

"Well, let's have it," I exclaimed. "There's no harm done. I haven't closed as yet."

He nodded.

"I was young once like you, and I don't hold with letting a chap break his heart over a place that ain't no good. I lost everything I had on that very run, same as you will if yer don't chuck yer hand in straight away."

He paused again as if marshalling his facts, but his eyes never wavered from mine.

"It's forty years since I first came on the river," he began, "and there wern't no township here then—just scrub and a few blacks."

"I came as stockman to old Jack Taverner, uncle to the chap as has just died. It was all cattle in those days, and the stations hadn't got no fenced boundaries same as they have now. The stockman had to see as they kept to their own grazin' grounds and turn 'em back if they moved, but there 'ud be a lot as would get away into the thick bush and not be seen for a couple of years or more, which made it easy for cattle duffers to run off mobs of clean skins whenever we bats an eye for a moment."

"There used to be a chap o' the name of Wolfesen that ran the pub at the south-east bend, where the overlanders crossed the big mobs coming down from New South Wales—maybe you saw it. It was a hot place afore they built the police station alongside."

I nodded. The garrulous Hickson had entertained me lengthily with the lawless doings of the old-time frequenters of that sylvan temple of Bacchus.

"Well, this chap Wolfesen had a few heads of cattle running in the country at the back of his place. The bit you was looking at yesterday, and was strongly suspected of doing a bit of duffing on the sly. Selling 'em to the drovers who had 'em away across the river afore any of us was the wiser. Anyway he makes a fortin and sells out to a chap whose name I disremember, but he was a regular city bloke and ain't got no time for cattle and such-like, and sells his rights to a chap o' the name of Burke, a quiet sort of a coot who had been camping on the flats below the pub doing a bit of fishing, but no one knew anything about him. Burke, he goes out there and sticks up that hut and yards and puts down the dam, not so big as it is now, as it was widened later—which saved his steers a long walk—but in dry weather he had to come back to his old campin' ground, having no water what he could drink; but after a bit I hear as he's putting down a well, and one day I rides out to have a squint."

"Sure enough he's down about fifty feet. He had got an arrangement of pulleys and a trap-door over the top, for tippin' the dirt, and I goes away marvelling at the cussed perseverance of him; and two or three years later I hear as he has struck water somewhere about two hundred feet down."

"One hundred and seventy-five," I said.

He nodded. "Somewhere about there."

"Well, a bit after that I was down at the Bend having a clack, when a big, black-bearded man walks in. Looks like one o' them gold-miners. He slaps down a little bag of dirt and shouts all round. He don't have much to say. But I sees him talkin' to Bung, and Bung a-tellin' him something, and the

next morning there ain't no sign of him. So I asks Bung what he had wanted. 'He was asking where Burke's place was situated—said he was a friend of his,' sez Bung. So I sez no more and let it slip from me memory.

"About a month later, however, me and Truelove—I forgot to tell yer I had had a row with young Taverner, the old man's nevvie; he always was a contrary cow, and I was now working for Truelove of Three Pines—well, me and him stops at the Bend, and Bung tells us he ain't seen nothin' of Burke for a month or more, which was strange, as he was in the habit of comin' in to fetch his stores every fortnight. Bung asks Truelove if he'd mind riding out that way and seein' if he was all right. Truelove sez he's agreeable, and the next mornin' me and him takes that track home."

"About two miles from Burke's hut we comes across the body of a man lyin' in the road, stone dead. We turns him over. It's the chap with the black beard, and his right knee's smashed. It looks as if a rifle bullet had done it. We leaves him there and pushes on to the hut like a lick o' lightning. On the way we passes his coat and hat, and you could see the track all the way in the sand quite plain, where he has been dragging himself along."

"There ain't no sign of Burke when we gets there, but we finds a rifle lying on the ground atween the well and the slip rails, so we goes on up to the hut and looks inside."

"He ain't there, but the place is all upset as if there had been a scrap, and there's a patch of dry blood on the floor and another on the doorstep."

"We looks around careful but can't find nothing more, so we goes outside to where we'd picked up the rifle. On the way we passes close to the well and I sees something (I am a bit of a tracker in me way), and I could make out marks not yet blown away by the wind as if something had been a-crawling round the well, and here and there on the stones I spotted smears of blood. I points 'em out to Truelove, who goes inside the fence and looks down the well. 'Hullo,' he sings out, 'the rope's broke and the bucket's gone.' So I goes inside and takes a peep. Truelove drops a big stone down as we can't see nuthin' on account of the depth. For a second or two while it was falling there ain't no sound, then we hear it land, but it don't make a big splash like you think it would, but a squashy noise as if it had fallen on something soft floating in the water. 'Boss,' I sez, 'Burke's down there for certain.'

"'I believe ye're right, Tom,' he sez. 'We better get the police.'

"It was Burke all right, and a proper job we had fishin' him up. You couldn't hardly tell it was a man at all."

"Well, the police try and reconstruct what had happened. They reckon that Black-beard and Burke had a row and Burke picks up the rifle and aims at Black-beard, who must ha' jumped at Burke,

and in the scrap the rifle goes off and hits Black-beard in the knee. But how he manages to kill Burke and put him down the well, and why he starts making back to the Bend without going to the hut which is handy, unless it was because he knew he could get no water no one can say; so we buries 'em side by side in a bit of cemetery behind the police station, and the Government takes over Burke's place and puts the lease up for sale."

"I had saved a bit of money be then, so I goes to Truelove and tells him that I am thinking of taking it meself."

"'Right, Tom,' he sez, 'anything I can do to help yer?' You see, he had heard Taverner was after it, which didn't suit Truelove's book, him and Taverner not bein' friends."

"So I buys me fifty head of steers, Truelove helping me, and plants 'em there to fatten, going out on Sunday to have a look at 'em. I don't put anyone in the hut as it weren't necessary."

"They do all right for two or three weeks, and then one day I hear they are down on the river flats, so off I goes to turn 'em back and, bel'eve me, young fellow, I couldn't get 'em to go no how. Me, a man of twenty-five years' experience with cattle, couldn't drive fifty head of tame steers the way I wanted 'em."



WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. JOHN FANE

With the Fernie when they met at Foxton recently. Mrs. John Fane is the daughter-in-law of Lady "Gussie" Fane, who is a sister of the Earl of Stradbroke



# THE SALE has begun at SELFRIDGE'S

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Beautiful French Silk Stockings, 100 fin, 44, 48, 50, with open clocks at sides. Sheer and entirely delightful. Made to sell at 17/6 to 21/-. Because slightly substandard, SALE PRICE a pair 12/6. Post free.



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Exquisitely fine Silk Stockings of high-grade Italian manufacture, with square heels. These stockings have no clocks, and will give wonderful service in wear. Made to sell at 10/6. Because slightly substandard, SALE PRICE a pair 6/11 Post free

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Famous all the world over for their reliability in wear and good appearance. Winter weight, fully fashioned and available in Black, Grey, Burmese, Rosewood, Oak, Dago. Sizes 8½ to 10. Made to sell at 3/11. Because slightly substandard, SALE PRICE a pair 2/6. Three pairs for 7/3. Post free

GROUND FLOOR, AISLE 22

### ENGLISH SILK STOCKINGS

Exceptional value in high grade Silk Stockings with mercerised hems and feet. All fully fashioned and in excellent shades. Sizes 8½ to 10. Made to sell at 5/11 and 6/11. Because slightly substandard, SALE PRICE a pair 3/11 Post free

HOSIERY DEPT. GROUND FLOOR, AISLE 22.

The Selfridge Sale begins and thousands of our friends hurry to the Hosiery and the Shoe Departments because they know from their own experience and from what others have told them that Sales at Selfridge's are "Worth While" events . . . especially in these two sections . . . hurry also while the selection is still at its best . . .

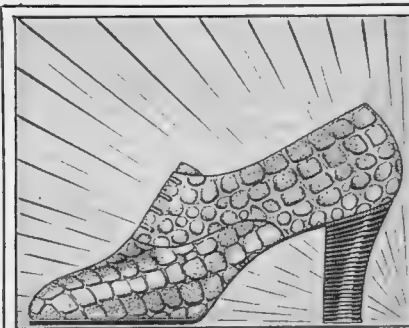
### FASHION NEWS

In the Model Gown Salon there is a most remarkable collection of heavy Satin Evening Gowns in the newest pastel shades that are all being offered at 5½ gns.

There is a Special Offer in the Corset Department for the Outsize Figure.

The Knitwear Department can show you the most outstanding bargains in Cardigans, Jumpers, Two and Three-Piece Suits; it will pay you to make your choice early.

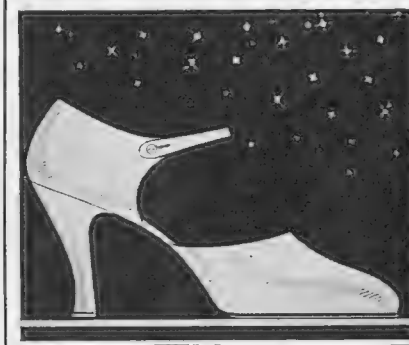
The Girls' Juvenile Department are having a complete clearance of their stock and have reduced Frocks, Jumper Suits, Coats and all manner of School Wear to extraordinarily low prices.



### A PURCHASE OF SHOES

A specially advantageous purchase of Shoes from high-grade Continental makers enables us to offer models that were made to sell at 30/- to 48/6 at this price. There are styles, leathers, sizes, colours to suit everybody, and every pair is being offered at SALE PRICE 14/4 Personal Shoppers only.

LADIES' SHOE DEPT. GROUND FLOOR, AISLE 19



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London

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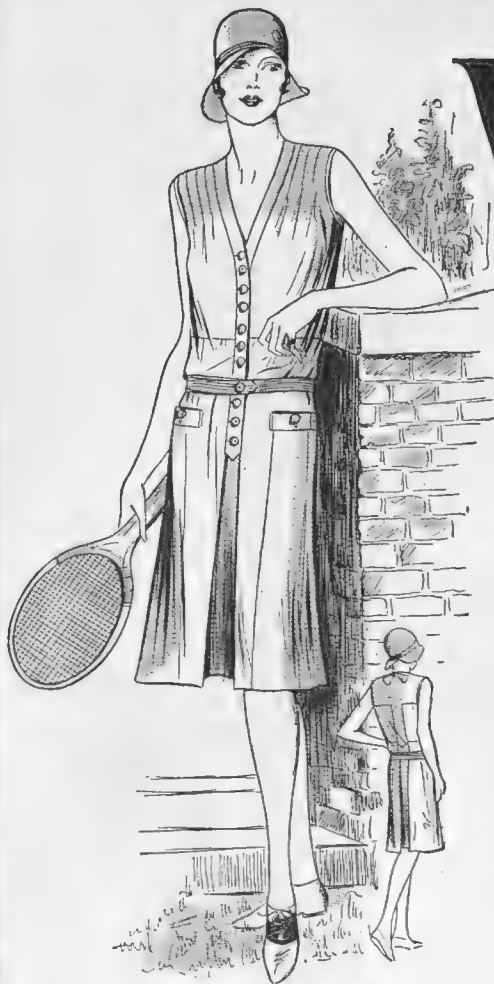


The Sale of the Season

# WOOLLANDS

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at Lowest Possible  
Prices*

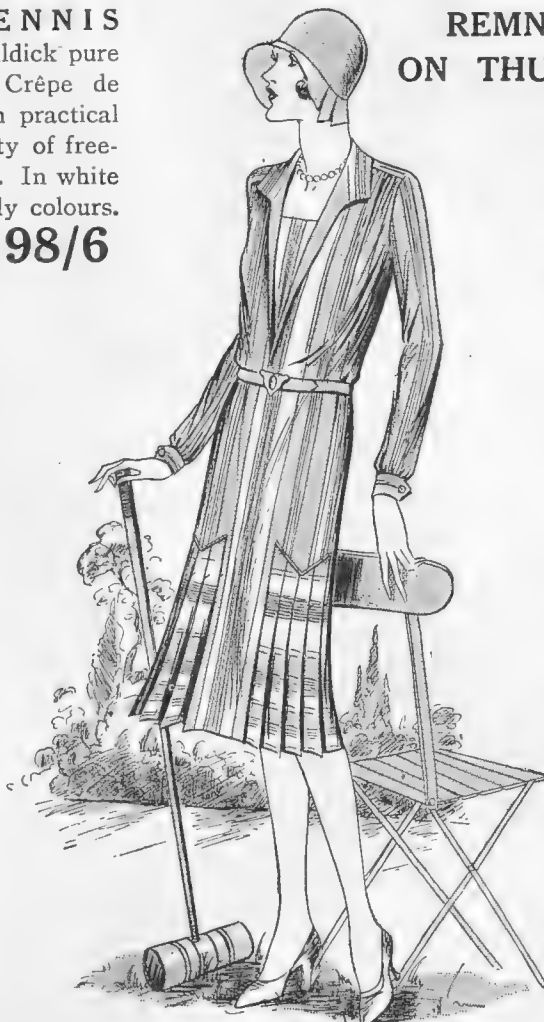


**C. 123. — TENNIS DRESS**, in Sildick pure silk washing Crêpe de Chine. Cut on practical lines with plenty of freedom for games. In white and a few lovely colours.

**Sale Price 98/6**



**REMNANTS  
ON THURSDAYS**



**C. 122. — GARDEN FROCK**, in Deval washing silk of an attractive stripe design. Neatly cut with a group of pleats on either side of skirt. In various good colours.

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**C. 121. — TENNIS FROCK** in heavy quality washing silk. Crêpe de Chine collar and rever, daintily edged contrasting colour. Stitched belt of self material. The skirt has inverted pleats on either side, giving ample freedom for sport. Stocked in several sizes. In white and pale colours.

**Sale Price 59/6**

**C. 124. — WASHING FROCK**. In Sildick pure silk washing Crêpe de Chine. Particularly suitable for full figures. Becoming neck with strappings of white, and pearl buttons introduced down front. Stitched belt of self material. In many good colours and stocked in several sizes.

**Sale Price 5 Gns.**

*You may park your car behind Woolland Bros., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W. 1*





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JANUARY 5th

HIGHEST QUALITY ATTIRE  
AT LOWEST PRICES



**K. 50.—65 dozen. COMBINATIONS** in pure Scotch wool, winter weight, in slender and women's.

Usual Price 18/11

Sale Price **12/11**  
Outsize 14/11

**K. 51.—45 dozen. COMBINATIONS** in fine silk and merino, in all sizes, shape as above sketch.

Usual Price 25/9

Sale Price **16/11**

**K. 52.—20 dozen. Light-weight best Scotch wool COMBINATIONS**, shape as above sketch, in all sizes, white or pink.

Sale Price **21/9**

**K. 72.—35 dozen KNICKERS**, ribbed at waist and at knees, slender, medium, and outsize. In white, pink, beige, or brown, and closed.

Artificial Silk and Wool.

Sale Price **8/11**

Best Quality Scotch Wool.

Sale Price **14/11**

Best Quality Silk and Wool.

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Spun Silk in W. and O.S. only.

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### Special Sale Offers

#### PURE SILK HOSE

**195 DOZEN ONLY.** Best Quality French Pure Silk HOSE, with pretty openwork clox. In broken series of fashionable evening and day shades. These stockings are made of beautiful fine silk and are perfect fitting. Usual Price 13/11

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#### SILK HOSE

**175 DOZEN.** Fine Quality Pure Silk HOSE, with pretty openwork clox. In sizes, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, and 10. In broken series of fashionable colours, a very smart, perfect fitting stocking with lisle feet and narrow lisle top. Usual Price 12/11

Sale Price **6/11**

**185 DOZEN ONLY.** Best Quality 44 Fine Gauge Pure French Silk HOSE, with openwork clox. Usual Price 21/9

Sale Price **12/11**

**195 DOZEN.** Fine Quality Pure Silk HOSE, with pretty openwork clox, lisle feet and tops. In all fashionable colours. Usual Price 10/11

Sale Price **5/11**

About 175 dozen Oddments in black and coloured Silk HOSE, to be cleared during Sale at LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

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**85 DOZEN ONLY.** Heavy Quality Pure Silk HOSE (plain). Made of the very best quality silk, and excellent for hard wear. In broken series of fashionable colours only. All sizes, 8½ to 10½. Usual Price 18/9

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**95 DOZEN ONLY.** Superior Quality Artificial Silk HOSE. With openwork clox. Full fashioned, perfect fitting and durable for wear. In broken series of colours. Usual Price 5/11

Sale Price **3/11**

**K. 59.—50 dozen. COMBINATIONS** with opera tops, as sketch, in medium and outsize, in white or pink.

#### Sale Prices

Fine Indian Gauze	-	-	23/9
Medium Indian Gauze	-	-	23/9
Pure Scotch Wool (Fine)	-	-	21/9
Cashmere and Silk	-	-	33/9
Silk and Wool	-	-	33/9
Spun Silk	-	-	23/9

**K. 60.—Spun silk COMBINATIONS.** Superior quality, white or pink.

#### Sale Prices

Slender and women's	-	-	27/9
Outsize	-	-	31/9

### SALE OFFER

**K. 71.—75 dozen KNICKERS** with elastic at waist and knee, in a few colours and medium size only. Artificial silk. Usual Price 7/11

Sale Price **5/-**

Same shape in Artificial Silk and Wool. Usual Price 10/11

Sale Price **8/11**

Artificial Silk. Usual Price 11/9

Sale Price **8/11**

Superior Quality. Usual Price 15/11

Sale Price **13/11**



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The name of the Fair Isle friend has not been signalled, but the other two are Miss K. Ollier, one of Lancashire's best players, and Miss Mellor, familiarly known as the "Five Club Queen"

## Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

AT this time of year that dear old lady, Dame History, steps down from the shelf and becomes very busy with the card index on which she keeps records of everybody's performance during the year. She is a little afraid of forgetting things, and so, before she finally puts away the card index and emblazons all the good little girls' names in illuminated missals, she chinks them down on a large blackboard. That was how she was occupied the other day when I took a peep through the window to see what she was doing. "International Innovations" headed the blackboard. She looked rather hesitatingly at the word International. Evidently the fact that the Sunningdale match was entirely unofficial was sticking in her mind, for she is a great lady for exact etiquette. Then she shook her head, "Distressing, very distressing," I heard her murmuring to herself. "Half-a-crown is not much to ask a golfer. They ought to have been able to raise that capital sum for International golf. It is a pity." She gave a little sigh. "However," and here she chuckled gleefully, "we kept our Championship all right." And she wrote *Miss Diana Fishwick* in very large letters right across the board. "Not that I shall forget that child," she said to herself, "it was wonderful, and the way she kept that little head of hers when Miss Collett pulled back some of those five holes. Poor Miss Collett, when she must have been feeling so safe! And she does take her beating so nicely. I wonder whether she'll come again. And poor Miss Gourlay, when is she going to get an Open Championship? A little hard to go out at the 21st hole in the Open and at the 19th in the English, but Miss Collett and Miss Wanda Morgan did deserve their wins against her. Dear me, it was all terribly exciting for an old lady like me. To think of Miss Gourlay getting round Aldeburgh in 76 and still getting beaten."

She was just going to write down Miss Wanda Morgan when she pulled herself up. "No," she said, "Miss Morgan's turn will come when she will be a champion; I don't make very much doubt about that, but we must not put her in front of Miss Enid Wilson yet. Even though," she added under her breath, "I do like her style better." So next she wrote Miss Enid Wilson very largely and firmly. Then she nodded her head affectionately. "It has been very interesting watching that child develop. I've thought a lot about her and I'm very proud of her. It's an amazing record when you think of it. She's had bronze medals in the Open three out of the last four years, won the English

twice and been runner-up once. You can't have anything much more consistent than that.

"Wasn't she well tackled by Miss Sylvia Bailey? That's a gallant child if you like when you get her in a big occasion, although Miss Jean Hamilton has done better than she has for Surrey. But then Miss Hamilton has had a lot more encouragement, which just makes all the difference.

"And then of course there is Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Pauline Doran and Miss Lulu Esmond. Dear, dear, what babies they all are. It's quite refreshing to see Mrs. Porter as English runner-up. We don't want everybody just popping up out of their cradles. I mustn't give too much space though to the English. There is Miss Kathleen MacDonald, who got her bronze medal at Formby, she's a Scotty. And Mrs. Andrew Holm, now the Scottish champion. There's a wonderful golfer if you like, after my own heart, so long and so controlled and so consistent. And Wales, they've got a nice young champion in Miss Jestyn Jeffries. And Mrs. Walker, she played very well when she won the Irish.

"What a lot of good golf I have seen this year, and how I have had to fly about. Worplesdon! Yes, Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet did play well, didn't they? Particularly now he's got the better of that putting. And he and Miss Rabbidge at

Camberley—I like that new Camberley Inter-Club Scratch Mixed Foursomes. And the London Foursomes, Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett really are a good pair. I am sorry about Miss Fowler being ill. And Addington, how they go on winning 'The Star' and the Pearson Cup. And, oh! All the 'Britannia and



Rest after toil: Miss Scott, who helps Miss Macfarlane pull L.G.U. strings, with Mrs. Temple Dobell, one of the elder brigade who never grows old

Eve's Foursomes; I mustn't forget those. Of course it was Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson who won the Spring Medal ones, and Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw the Northern, and Lady Alness and Miss Leetham the Scottish, and the Esmond children the Ranelagh, and Miss Hartopp and Miss Evershed the Roehampton."

Dame History put down her chalk and glanced rather anxiously over her shoulder at the window. "I hope I don't hear someone out there. These are only my private notes; I shouldn't like anybody to think I was being severe. I don't like severe old ladies. But I am a very old woman, and old women are forgiven if they think aloud. They're really all very nice children, and all of them very good golfers."





"HIGH WINDS." Photo by Bertram Park

A chic little close-fitting cap of Jersey Tweed for race meetings and country wear. Own Tweed can be made up if desired. In all new Autumn colours and all head sizes. Price 30/-



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Remnants best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, Triple Ninon, washing Satin, coloured Cotton Materials, etc. Finest quality at Bargain Values. Send for parcel of Remnants to choose from.

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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Gamages, Marble Arch, offer unique value in this tropical riding habit for 39s. 6d. To them must be given the credit for the practical Terai

of mixed straw hats and pastel-shaded felt hats for 29s. 6d. All who want to know about the attractions in this firm's sale must write for the illustrated catalogue. It will be sent gratis and post free.

## Tropical Outfits.

Gamages of the Marble Arch are warmly to be congratulated on their tropical outfits; they realize the all-important thing that the garments must be cool and at the same time protect the wearer from the penetrating rays of the sun. Illustrated on this page is a perfectly practical riding habit for 39s. 6d.; its value must be seen to be appreciated; it is accompanied by a Terai. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that the washing silk frock with cardigan is 39s. 6d. These are merely examples of the more than pleasant prices that prevail in these salons.

## The Land of Sales.

London and the provinces are for the time being a land of sales; all who wish to study economy must write for the illustrated catalogues and study them with care. All Parisian and other models have had their prices submitted to drastic reductions, sometimes they are available for half and even less than half price. As a detailed description is impossible owing to lack of space, a few examples taken at random will demonstrate the extent to which all prices have been reduced. Jay's (Regent Street, W.) sale begins to-day in the ready-to-wear department; there are jumper suits in heavy Macclesfield washing silk elaborately pleated for 5 guineas, and Riviera frocks in printed French voile are 35s., lace dance frocks being 4 guineas. The ordinary stock of the International Fur Store has also come under the axe.



Washing silk makes this simple frock accompanied by a becoming cardigan. It may be seen at Gamages, Marble Arch, in white and colours

## Hats for Sunny Days.

ALL who have decided to spend the ensuing months in the West Indies, Colombo, and other places where the sun shines during the early part of the year are choosing charming shady hats and light frocks. Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W., are making a feature of the former, a trio of which find pictorial expression on this page. Simplicity is the salient feature of the model expressed in black and white straw; gauged velvet appears on the brim and is loosely knotted in a bow in front; of it one may become the possessor for 3½ guineas. This is likewise the cost of the hand-blocked hemp straw model; it is enriched with shaded ribbon. Then there is the natural Ballibuntal decorated with shaded velvet. In the millinery department on the ground floor a feature is being made of chenille caps for 39s. 6d., those of stockinette being 45s. 9d.; they can be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer. They are the very things for travelling, nevertheless they represent the acme of smartness. There is a splendid assortment



These hats from Woollands, Knightsbridge, have been created for those who are going to the lands where the sun shines. There is the one of soft black and white straw, the one with the pleated brim is of fine hemp, and the third is of natural Ballibuntal

## A Notable Sale.

As the clock strikes ten on Monday, January 5, Bradley's (Chepstow Place, W.) winter sale begins. The catalogue is worthy of careful study and will be sent gratis and post free. An original model tailored suit whose season's price was £68 is now 20 guineas, and there is another that was £46 that is available for 12 guineas. Standing out with prominence in the kingdom of millinery is a black velvet hat lined with beige, the original price was 79s. 6d., now it is 21s.; there are other velvet hats with smart clips for 35s. 6d. Furthermore there is a splendid collection of boudoir wrappers. A sale of furs is in progress in these salons; the value present in the mink coats must be seen to be appreciated. Remodelling and all new orders are being executed at specially reduced prices.

## For a Fortnight Only.

Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) sale is for a fortnight only; it begins on January 5 and terminates on the 17th. Included in it are tweed two-piece suits for early spring wear for 5½ guineas—they were 8½. There are evening wraps for

(Continued on p. ii)



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**Boudoir Cap** in Crêpe-de-Chine and Lace, daintily trimmed ruched ribbon and floral trimming. Colours: Saxe, Apricot, Pink.  
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One example of the many stylish shoes offered at clearance prices at the Saxone Regent Street Salons. This is style 4071 in Black Calf with real Crocodile. Also style 4071/6 in Brown. Style 4064, Dark Brown with Brown Snake Panels. All one clearance price, 19/-

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SALE**

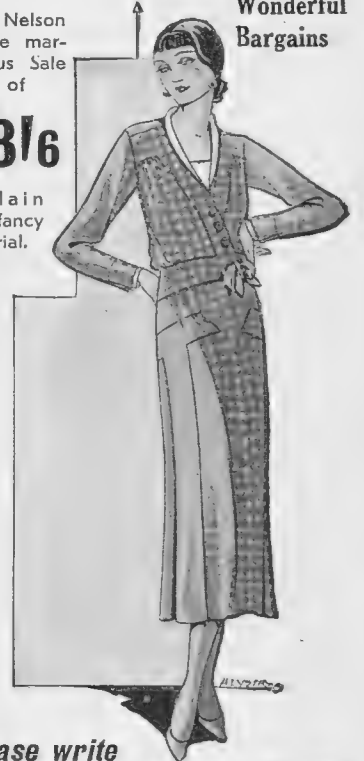
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

7½ guineas, originally 9½ and 14½ guineas. Knitted jumpers in alpaca and cashmere that were from 49s. 6d. to 94s. 6d. are now 39s. 6d., and there are a number of woollen jumpers for a guinea; furthermore, there are oddments in tailored skirts for 39s. 6d.

### Merely Three Pounds.

Fenwicks, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., are nothing if not enterprising, so for their sale they have reduced the day and evening dresses, two-piece suits, and coats and skirts to £3; as there are no two alike it would be futile to describe them—a visit is essential. This sale begins on January 7 at 9.30. A very special offer is being made to readers of this paper, and that is that the jumpers and hats that have been reduced to £1 to them will be only 10s. It is safe to predict that these will be sold the first few days of the sale.

### Throughout the Month.

Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) sale begins to-day and continues throughout the month. Standing out with prominence are the chiffon velvet coatees lined throughout with crêpe de chine and enriched with white sheared coney; they are 79s. 6d. instead of 98s. 6d.; heavy crêpe georgette tailored skirts being 21s. 9d. Princess petticoats in floral crêpe de chine 45 and 47 in. long are 20s.; and warm satin petticoats lightly quilted, suitable for motoring and golf, are 35s. 9d.; they are very light in weight and do not increase the size of the wearer. White washing silk tennis dresses are 39s. 6d.

### No Catalogue.

No catalogue is issued in connection with the Galeries Lafayette (Regent Street, W.) winter sale, therefore a visit is essential. All that it is necessary to say is that the prices of everything have been submitted to unique reductions and that it is their own stock that will be cleared.

### Preparatory to the Sale.

Peter Robinson (Oxford Street, W.), in accordance with their usual custom, are offering, preparatory to their sale at reduced prices, a selection of gowns, coats, two- and three-piece suits and coats and skirts from this season's stock. Their winter sale does not begin until January 12.

### Tailored Coats.

And at Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale, which begins to-day and continues throughout January, a feature is made of tailored coats at bargain prices. Those of tweed in winter weight materials are 69s. 6d. and there is a small collection of summer weight coats for 79s. 6d. A few words must be said about the evening cloaks of chiffon, finished velvet, softly gauged at the waist and trimmed with shaved coney for 8½ guineas; these alone are well worth a visit to view. In the tea-gown department there are a number of semi-evening gowns in heavy georgette and crêpe de chine for 59s. 6d.; and there are tea-frocks in printed velvet with a two-tiered skirt for £5 19s. 6d.

### A January Sale.

A typical example of the attractions that are being offered at Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street, is the simple frock illustrated on this page. It is carried out in black satin, the simulated waistcoat—which looks so smart beneath the bolero—is of white crêpe de chine with black spots, and the cost is 5½ guineas; the same idea in printed and plain crêpe de chine is £4 4s. Well-tailored tweed frocks in heather mixtures are 55s. 9d., and those in fine flecked wool are 79s. 6d. Bargains are likewise the order of the day in household linens. There are strong herring-bone twill cotton sheets for 10s. 9d. per pair, single-bed size; white double damask tablecloths are 27s. each, and napkins from 13s. 9d. per dozen.

### An Annual Treasure Hunt.

During the first month of the year, Burberrys', in the Haymarket, are offering their garments at about half their usual value. Their well-known weatherproofs for men and women are available for 73s. 6d. Well-tailored coats, suitable for town or country wear, are 6½ guineas, usual prices, 10 to 12 guineas. Men's tweed overcoats are bargains for 4 guineas; and double-breasted top-coats, made of soft fleeces and West of England coatings, are 7 guineas, usual prices, 10 to 14 guineas. Lounge suits made of Cheviot and Bannockburn tweeds are 4 guineas.

### Liberty Hats at Sale Prices.

Liberty's, Regent Street, W., have brought out an interesting folder in connection with their sale; it is entirely devoted to hats. There are stitched velvet hats for 12s. 11d., those of pull-on silk being 8s. 11d. Printed linen models underlined with plain colours are 29s. 6d., usual price, 49s. 6d. Furthermore, there are dress lengths of floral lawns, voiles, and crapes for 5s. each. The well-known Yorù crape dresses have had their prices reduced from 42s. to 27s. 6d., and there are a number of printed Sungleam dresses for 79s. 6d. There are a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of Indian bedspreads and Chinese embroideries.

### Supreme Values.

Supreme values are available in Dickins and Jones' (Regent Street, W.) sale which begins to-day, New Year's Eve. There are cardigan suits made of novelty suiting for 35s.; the skirts are pleated. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there is a collection of bérêts and woollen caps for 3s., while felt hats are 10s. Evening coats made of good quality chiffon velvet enriched with white coney or foxaline are 67s. 6d. Afternoon dresses of rayon crêpe, also wool coat frocks, are 20s. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a group of ponyskin coats for 15 and 21 guineas. Negligées and dressing-gowns are being offered at half-price. Too much cannot be said about the stockings, those of pure silk with open clox are 3s. 11d., and those of spun silk are 6s., while the Le Gui French pure silk hose are 8s. 11d. in all the fashionable colours.



Photograph by Blake

### A FASHIONABLE FROCK

Which is included in Walpole's winter sale and is of black satin with a simulated waistcoat of white crêpe with black spots



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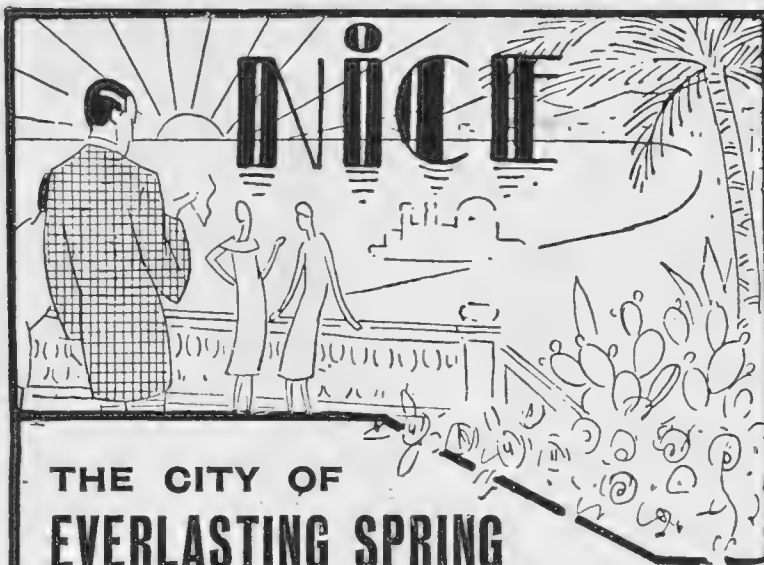
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No. 0759.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black;  
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131, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER, W.2

**Burke's Well**—(Continued from p. 634b)

"They'd travel all right for a bit, and as we got within a mile or two of my boundary they'd get uneasy and try and break back, and they beat me every time; so I had to leave 'em. The next week I gets a chap to help me and a couple o' dogs, but it weren't no use, they was worse. By mid-day our horses were done, so we called it a day and I let 'em stop on the river and sold 'em to a drover the week after and bought a fresh lot.

"And the same thing happens again. For a week they stayed quietly round the water hole, and then one night they comes tearin' down the flats below the Bend, bellowing like mad, as steers do when they smell blood, so Bung told me.

"I begins to think then, and the first thing I notices is that the stampede occurred both times about the night of the full moon, and decides that there's someone goin' out there and scarin' 'em and doin' it proper by the way them steers was actin'. So I waits a month, lettin' on that I've got another lot comin' about the date of the full moon.

"Then I comes down to the Bend in the evening, meaning to ride out quietly and see what I can see. Well, one way and other it was after ten o'clock afore I started out. All's quiet as I goes along, and I comes to the slip rails of the horse paddock at midnight as near as can be. The hut's standing upon the pinch, with the moon shining on the front of it as plain as daylight, and the door is wide open and I had left it shut.

"There's someone there, I thinks, and nips off quick to let down the rails, when all of a sudden I sees a flash inside, like a gun fired, but I don't hear a sound, and the next moment a chap bolts out of the door, holding his hand to his head, and legs it down the hill towards the well. It was Burke. Afore I could collect me wits, there was another flash from the door, low down, and I makes out the figure of a man lyin' in the doorway aiming a rifle, but there ain't never a sound of the shot. I could see him crouching in a corner. By this time me hair's standing on end with horror, and me spine feels like water, for I knew I was witnessing how them two chaps died out here, but I couldn't ha' moved to save me life. I just hung on me horse that was lying back on his haunches, shaking his head to get free, snortin' and trembling with terror. I sees this other chap come crawlin' down the hill, holding his rifle up out of the sand and dragging his left leg after him. It was the bloke with the black beard as I knew it would be.

"When he gets near enough he stops to take aim, but Burke keeps dodging about and Black-beard keeps dragging himself along, looking for a place for a shot.

"It was just like a mouse in a trap with a cat prowling around outside. Why Burke never made a dart for the bush I don't know. He had only about a hundred yards to go where he'd be safe. I suppose he was too dazed and frightened to think.

"Well presently Black-beard gets the aim he wants, and I saw the flash as he pulled the trigger. Burke springs in the air. I couldn't see if he was hit, but down he goes, grabbing the rope as he falls, and I saw the handles of the windlass whirling as the rope runs out. Then the rope snaps and it stops. Black-beard drops the rifle and crawls inside, and I saw him looking down the well, but he comes out again and looks about, considering what he'll do. First he stares up the hill at the hut as if making up his mind to go that way, then he looks at the slip rails, and I catches the look in his eyes and don't wait for no more, but 'ops on me horse and comes away as if all the hounds of hell were at my tail, same as them poor steers. I knew what had been a-frightening them. I gets back to the Bend and wakes Bung, who let me stop there the rest of the night. I don't say too much to him though, and the next day I goes to see Taverner and gets the price I asks, and I never went nigh the place since."

The old fellow stopped and wiped the beads of sweat, that had accumulated as he talked, from his forehead.

"But," I stammered, "why—why didn't Hickson tell me this?"

He snorted. "Hickson don't know nothing, not many folks left about here as does. Taverner bought to spite Truelove, and afterwards I thought it best to keep me mouth shut, but I don't want a young chap like you to go through what happened to me."

"Thanks," I said. "I am very grateful. I shall cancel my application at once."

"I should," he said. "Here's Gawler; come and stop one with me. You've got ten minutes. I get out here."

A couple of mornings later I was in the saloon bar of the South Australian Hotel, Adelaide, chatting to the bar-keeper, the place being empty except for we two, when my friend of the railway walked in.

As soon as he spotted me he stopped and nodded, then, taking a swift look round, walked quickly away.

"Who's the old gentleman?" I asked. "I travelled down from Mornington with him the other day."

"That's old Truelove," said the bar-keeper, "very big man up that way, they say. He was in here yesterday blowin' about how he had choused a pommy out of a bit of land he was after himself—seemed very pleased with himself, but I don't believe all he sez. He is the biggest liar on the river."

"I can quite believe that," I said sadly, and ordered a double whisky.

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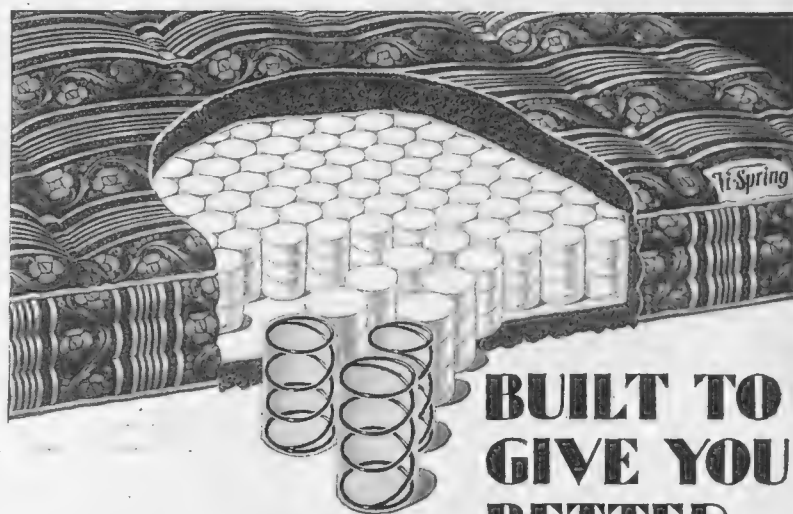
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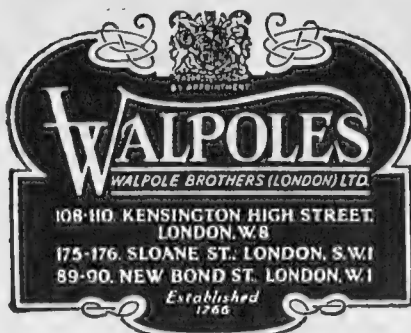
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## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 606)

by what he calls the W.W., for he drew Askham Whin and had a twisty but quite amusing thirty minutes. The Foxhunters' Ball took place at York the following evening, and was great fun although no doubt some people were stopped coming by the fog.

### From Lincolnshire

Recent weather has been the limit! Exasperating fogs have held up sport time and again, and hunting people have hardly spoken a pleasant word for over a week. Consequently good days have been rare, but the Southwold managed to pull a topping gallop out of the soup on their Hareby day when one of Mr. John Ramsden's foxes had a gruelling seventy minutes before vanishing at Haltham. During this time ten miles of country were crossed. Nobody wants anything better than the Brocklesby's pipe-opener from Cottager's Dale. Seven miles and a kill in the open in thirty minutes will want a lot of beating. During the sprint five couples of truant hounds transferred their affections to another fox which they killed also.

Motoring home after hunting with a horse-box trailer in a murky fog is no joke. Twelve miles in three hours, off the road umpteen times, and to miss a good dinner to boot was the experience of one Nim during the week. Yet it is all in the game.

### From the Heythrop

Chapel House, where we met on Monday, was in olden days a coaching inn famous for its good cheer and good cellar; this tradition is still worthily upheld, for it is now well-known for its good heart. We were all delighted to see the



AT THE DERBY STEEPLECHASES

Lady Harrington, M.F.H., who is carrying on her late husband's pack of hounds; Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the wife of the Joint Master of the South Notts; and Colonel Paravicini

Major on a horse again and although only wearing his semi-official robes, wore the official black cap to condemn those guilty of riding too near the hounds. We congratulate the latest addition to the top-hatted ladies. We wish more would get the habit and do likewise. Wednesday at Ledwell was a good day, and the Major, none the worse for his short day on Monday, was once again in full field-marshal's uniform. The day was full of incident and the brooks full of water as the colonel from Worton can testify and also our second whipper-in. The Kitebrook captain came it comfortably, and another of our soldiers showed signals of distress.

### From the Blackmore Vale

All foxes nowadays seem to flee the country. On the Chilthorne Domer day a fox from below Vag ran by Brympton to East Chinnock in the strip of Hardington Vale so much favoured of Cattistock followers. Hacking back to Limington hounds were lucky to find at least one fox not driven away by the chatter of the "second" meet held there at 1.30 p.m. of those with only "second" horses and those divorced from hounds in the Brympton hunt. There was a short gallop around before hounds went home. Later in the week the Cattistock country was again raided—a good fox from Clifton Wood going by Melbury Osmund to Stockwood Common, where he paid the penalty. The withy bed held after the North Cheriton meet, hounds went straight across the vale to the Cucklington Ridge, leaving a trail of grief behind them. Later they found in Rodgrove, a pleasure denied for many years. The field took on the big bank depicted in the old Cecil Aldin picture, "Away from Rodgrove." It—the bank—has certainly not deteriorated with modern times, being now formidably "poled" for a greater portion of its length.



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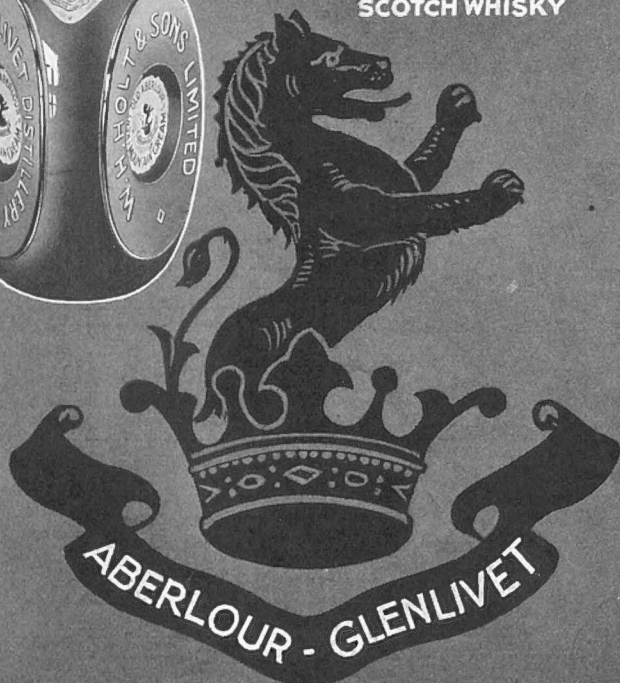
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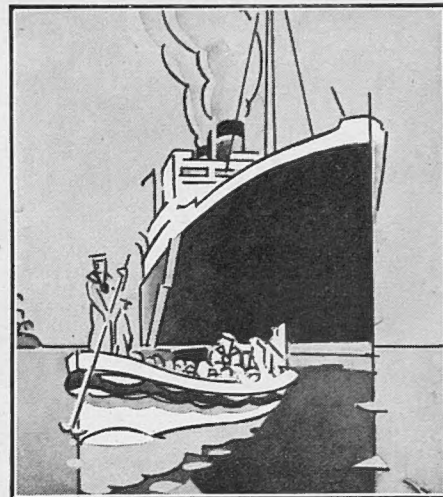
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